

"A Business Administration"

The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3060

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1924

Denby's "Lost" Letter

Who Wrote It?

Who Got It?

Where Is It?

WHY?

by Oswald Garrison Villard



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and Its Results

Advice
to a Clam-Digger
by Wilbert Snow

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AFTER WHISPERING "I will ne'er consent" to his resignation, Edwin Denby consented. He would never, never resign under fire, and yet he resigned. President Coolidge would never, never act upon the Senate's demand that he call for Mr. Denby's resignation; he would never, never act until "special counsel can advise me as to the legality of these leases and assemble for me the pertinent facts in the various transactions"—but he acted upon Secretary Denby's resignation without waiting for advice or assembling of facts. It is a good beginning and Mr. Denby was well advised to quit. His *real* reason is probably not yet public, but may be apparent before this issue reaches our readers. So may other altogether startling facts. If Edward McLean is granted immunity and turns state's evidence, the true inwardness of things will begin to appear, and many another political reputation will suffer. Meanwhile, Denby is finished; he will neither annex the North Pole to the United States nor continue to voice as an official his demand for huge armaments; an equally dull and stupid man can never succeed him. On February 6 *The Nation* called for the retirement from public life of Denby, Daugherty, Roosevelt, and Coolidge. Denby has gone; Daugherty and Roosevelt are going, and we predict that Mr. Coolidge will retire to private life March 4, 1925, by which time Albert B. Fall ought to be facing a criminal sentence.

"SOME MEN leave public office to practice law. Mr. McAdoo left to practice son-in-law." To this *bon mot*, which Washington attributes to Senator James Reed, little needs to be added after the perusal of Mr. McAdoo's testimony before the Lenroot Committee. He accepted a huge retainer to go to Mexico for the oil interests; it is impossible to believe that he could actually separate William G. McAdoo, the lawyer, from William G. McAdoo, the son-in-law, or William G. McAdoo, ex-cabinet member. There was nothing criminal in this; it was his right to so act. But unfair as it may seem to him, it eliminates Mr. McAdoo from the presidential race. So does this: He took, on quitting the Cabinet, a \$50,000 fee from the Virginia Shipbuilding Corporation, a Charles W. Morse concern, and \$50,000 from the similarly owned Groton Iron Company. Next he represented Charles W. Morse's United States Transport Company, and for that ex-criminal and this company Mr. McAdoo sold, to French and Italian merchants—just after he had been in close financial relations with their governments as war-time head of the United States Treasury—at least 800,000 tons of coal on which his firm was paid *one dollar a ton*. It will be recalled that Mr. Doheny stated that he "needed the services of this [Mr. McAdoo's] firm before the Shipping Board." Finally, Mr. McAdoo's firm opposed claims against Morse's concern although there is a law that officials who resign may not prosecute before, or resist claims against, their former departments for two years after resignation. Legally Mr. McAdoo did not come under this law; morally it applied to him. No; Mr. McAdoo is not available for the Presidency whatever his cohorts think.

"FORTUNATELY AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS, with whatever faults and defects they may be charged," said the *New York Times* on February 10, 1924, "are not open to the accusation of venality." Mr. Adolph Ochs, owner of the *Times*, had made the same statement a week earlier in replying publicly to *The Nation's* revelations of the venality of the French press. Unfortunately, the day before Mr. Ochs's editorial appeared, Frederick Bonfils, owner of the *Denver Post*, testified in Washington that he had obtained \$250,000 from Mr. Sinclair after attacking Mr. Sinclair and his oil policies in his paper. It was hinted by Senator Dill that the payment partook of the nature of blackmail. The *Times* still had faith. "We are safe in saying," it proclaimed the next day, "that these Denver performances are altogether exceptional and that such things would not be found and if found would not be tolerated in any respectable newspaper office in the United States." A little depends upon the definition of the words "respectable newspaper office"; Mr. Ochs and *The Nation* might define them differently. At any rate Mr. John C. Shaffer, owner of the *Chicago Evening Post*, the *Indianapolis Star*, the *Muncie Star*, the *Terre Haute Star*, the *Rocky Mountain News*, and the *Denver Times*, followed Mr. Bonfils on the witness-stand and testified that he had received \$92,500 from Mr. Sinclair, without rendering any service whatever in return. The senators rather rudely implied that Mr. Shaffer got less than Mr. Bonfils only because the circulation of his Denver paper was less. Carl C.

Magee, former owner of the *Albuquerque Journal*, also appeared to testify that after his paper had attacked the Fall-Sinclair oil policies it had been bought, through a Chicago bank affiliated with Standard Oil interests. Mr. Ochs chose a poor moment to eulogize the American press.

WE HAVE OUR OIL SCANDAL; France has her reconstruction. Only a portion of the claims for war damages entered and paid have been reexamined; but already frauds and overpayments totaling more than 5 billion francs lie uncovered. M. Reibel, the Minister for the Devastated Regions, appears to have done everything in his power to obstruct the investigation now under way, and none of M. Poincaré's Cabinet has shown any more enthusiasm for publishing the truth than, say, have members of Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet in the United States. There is another parallel; M. Loucheur, who had come to regard himself as heir presumptive to M. Poincaré, has been so tarred in the course of the revelations that his chance of future office seems slight. Opposition speakers freely assert that a full quarter of the 80 billion francs paid out as compensation to inhabitants of the devastated districts has been absorbed in sheer graft. The humble creditors, the peasants, shopkeepers, and small townsmen, have got literally nothing. It has been the deliberate policy of the French Government ever since 1919 to compensate the factory owners first and trust to fate to save the individuals who lost all. While these poor men were waiting for ready money speculators with an "inside track" have bought up their claims at bargain rates. The crime is worse because the French Government has sought to justify its international piracy by proclaiming the need of these its victims.

THE PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN THE RUHR ceased in September, nearly six months ago, but in the Rhineland there are still 564 political prisoners in French prisons, in Hesse 271, in the Palatinate 368, and in the Ruhr no less than 1,122. Altogether, there are 2,335 German prisoners behind French bars, nearly all of whom are there simply and solely because they obeyed the orders of their government rather than those of their conquerors. Many of these men were officials of the highest standing, who committed no personal act of wrongdoing—burgomasters, assistant burgomasters, and officials of all ranks. The French have amnestied only about 150 of these political prisoners. More than that, many Germans have been deported to France under long sentences. If this were being done in any other country by any other people, the heavens would ring with the outrage. And yet French people express their wonder that German hearts were never so full of hatred for France as today, and complain because many Germans are beginning to believe that no matter what the damage done by their troops in France and Belgium, a country which can behave like France today is entitled to no reparations whatever. The French are clearly bent upon proving once more that two wrongs do not make a right, and that they do not wish to live on good terms with their eastern neighbors.

THE BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT seemed to have set sail under a fair following breeze; the opposition was mild and respectful; the Prime Minister's first speech, though it contained references to "sound socialist doctrine,"

was tempered to the formidable majority against him; an air of equable agreement seemed to pervade the political scene. Then, quite suddenly, a few puffs came out of Labor's own quarter of the compass and the ship jibed with much uncomfortable lurching and confusion. First Poplar arose out of the past to confuse the new ministers—the poverty-stricken borough of Poplar, which in 1921, faced with the impossible obligation of paying doles to its thousands of unemployed and rates to the London County Council and the Asylum Board, chose to help the workless and let the rates go. Mr. MacDonald's Minister of Health remitted the surcharges imposed by the last Government upon the Poplar Guardians for excess expenditures of borough funds for relief; and, although these surcharges were never collected and admittedly never could be collected, the new Government is facing bitter attack for its action. And on the heels of this cross-wind of opposition came the dock workers' strike: 120,000 men out, with possible resulting unemployment of a million more, and the Labor Government's Minister of Labor, Tom Shaw, unable to bring about a settlement. It would be a bitter irony if the first Labor Government should meet defeat on its own issues of unemployment and the rights of labor.

SENATOR MEDILL McCORMICK has introduced a resolution calling for the abolition of martial law in Haiti. It declares that the liability of Haitian citizens which has existed for nine years "to trial before military tribunals of the United States is undemocratic, unrepugnant, and contrary to American ideals and the policies of Warren G. Harding." It is pleasing to note that the senior Senator from Illinois has progressed, even an inch. He it was who as chairman of the Senate committee two years ago refused to grant the Haitians' plea that martial law be lifted even during the brief period of senatorial inquiry in Haiti. And it was his committee which not only whitewashed the entire occupation but tightened the economic stranglehold on Haiti which had been obtained by military force and chicane. *The Nation* of course agrees that the martial law under which three Haitian editors are now imprisoned, while in no sense contrary to the policy practiced by Warren G. Harding, is certainly contrary to American ideals. But equally so is the whole crime against Haiti from start to finish. We hope that Senator McCormick will go further, and that political wisdom at least, in the face of his coming campaign for reelection, will lead him to reverse his previous course and to call for the prompt restoration of complete Haitian independence.

GROVER BERGDOLL was no conscientious objector facing the music for conviction's sake; he was just a shirker seeking to slip out of trouble. But that must not keep us from voicing our emphatic protest against the public reception of Lieutenant Hooven Griffis, the reserve army officer who sat comfortably in his automobile two blocks from the German hotel from which two of his confederates sought to kidnap Bergdoll, one of them paying for his efforts with his life. This is a peculiarly outrageous bit of American lawlessness—the invasion of a friendly country to kidnap Bergdoll. One has only to consider what the uproar would have been had the conditions been reversed—had Germans sought to free one of their compatriots interned in this country—to realize the enormity of this crime. That it had semi-official sanction has never been

denied—it was an official automobile which Lieutenant Griffis used to commit his crime. But Lieutenant Griffis comes back under the aegis and with the approval of the Hearst papers and is given an official reception by the Tammany Acting Mayor of New York City. Lieutenant Griffis was guilty of a deliberate crime, but the War Department has taken no action in regard to it. Its attitude in this is in striking contrast to its effort to punish and intimidate another reserve officer, Captain Paxton Hibben, merely because he dared to have an opinion about Russia different from Mr. Hughes's.

OUR IMMIGRATION POLICY will, of course, be determined by our own interest. If Italy is obliged to find other outlets for her emigrants or if industrial conditions in other countries are disturbed, that is an incidental misfortune which may be regretted but hardly prevented. We have a responsibility, however, to our national honor and our friendly relations with other countries to assure ourselves that all nations shall be treated equally and that there shall be no discrimination against particular races and religions. This cannot be said, as we have pointed out before, of the bill favored by Representative Johnson and the Committee on Immigration of the House. This measure, setting back the basis of national quotas from the census of 1910, as at present, to that of 1890, is an obvious attempt to cut off almost entirely Italians, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Greeks, and other elements of the "new immigration" which began about thirty years ago; it is a direct slap in the face to Roman Catholics and Jews, brutally inconsistent with our long-cherished ideals and boasts of America as a land of racial and religious liberty. Several years ago such a bill would have been too impossible of passage to justify alarm, but with Ku Kluxism rampant in the South and West, and most members of Congress subject to great pressure from bigoted and prejudiced constituents, the measure presents a grave danger to American ideals.

THERE IS ANOTHER dangerous aspect of this proposed immigration legislation which had received comparatively little attention until Secretary Hughes pointed out that it did away with the "gentlemen's agreement" with Japan, cutting off immigrants from that country altogether by the clause which forbids the entry of persons not eligible to citizenship. It is certainly both unnecessary and mischievous to meddle with the existing status of Japanese immigration. What is known as the "Japanese question" is almost the most delicate in our entire field of foreign relations, and there is great danger to our peace through foolish jingoism in that regard. The "gentlemen's agreement" has been scrupulously observed by Japan, and has admittedly been satisfactory to the United States. By it we actually control both the amount and the kind of Japanese immigration. The National Committee on American Japanese Relations points out that since the inauguration of this policy—from 1909 to 1923—22,737 more Japanese men left the United States (including Hawaii) than entered it; that the net increase by immigration of Japanese into the continental United States during those fifteen years was 8,681, consisting of women and children. If there are minor defects in the "gentlemen's agreement," they can easily be remedied by diplomatic action. It would be the height of folly for Congress to overthrow an international treaty, without notice to or consultation with the country

concerned, in order to attain an object which can be better arrived at in another way.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE has dropped from its rolls Lloyd Dieffenbacher, a student preparing for the ministry, because he refused to participate longer in military drill. Mr. Dieffenbacher offered to take extra studies without credit to make up for dropping drill, but "the plea was ignored due to the clause in the college's contract with the War Department binding it to maintain a two years' compulsory course in military training." Thirty-eight Northwestern University students have gone on record that they will refuse to participate in another war. A larger conference of Northwestern students unanimously urged education to "develop international thinking" and by a vote of more than four to one favored the "complete intermingling of the races, including social." A majority objected to "endowment by great accumulations of capital, when such accumulations have resulted from exploitation of wage workers." The *Daily Worker* points out that this recalcitrance must cause some tension at a university that has received \$4,000,000 from the widow of a late mail-order magnate and \$250,000 from the widow of a lawyer who "drew large fees from the liquor interests and spent considerable effort in a vain attempt to break down the university's four-mile dry zone in the days before national prohibition." This Northwestern student conference was an echo of the stirring convention of the International Student Volunteer Movement at Indianapolis in January, when 400 of the 6,000 students present broke the official guiding-strings and asserted their determined opposition to all war. Can it be that the goose-step will be ended by the students themselves?

M. R. J. P. MORGAN'S GIFT to the public of his father's glorious library together with an adequate sum for its endowment adds another to the long list of generous benefactions by New Yorkers of large wealth, such as his own father's bequests, the Tilden foundation, and the noble Frick picture gallery. This is but just; to the public and the State, from which these men have drawn their great means, they surely owe much. As for the Morgan library, its worth cannot be measured by the value put upon it, nor have the glowing press accounts exaggerated the extraordinary treasures in which it abounds. Only the collections of the nabobs of the Middle Ages are to be compared with it. One of the best features is its housing in the exquisite building of which the late Charles F. McKim was the rarely gifted designer. That the library is now, by Mr. Morgan's generosity, to be opened to all students and scholars will cause rejoicing throughout the learned world.

THE DEATH OF HENRY BACON is a blow to American architecture and art. A man of extraordinary skill and ability, he has raised more than one monument to himself, but of these none will redound more to his glory than the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. So great were his talents that, it is related of him, he never entered a competition without winning it. But he was so modest, so unassuming, so little desirous of advertising himself that the great public knew all too little about him. Indeed, his were the simplicity and modesty of true greatness. His loss, at the age of only fifty-seven, to the profession which he honored and uplifted is beyond measuring.

“A Business Administration”

WHATEVER else comes out of the oil scandals—we are only at the beginning of the revelations—it must be perfectly plain that we are getting a delightful picture of what a business government really is and exactly what Mr. Harding had in mind when he declared for a return to “normalcy.” “Get the government out of private business,” was another slogan, and so from the very outset there was a mad rush to dispose of the property of the American people to speculators, get-rich-quick men, and others of this ilk. That this was the plan from the very outset is shown by the testimony of John C. Shaffer, owner of six of our incomparable dailies. Early in March, 1921, before Secretary Fall had had time properly to warm his office chair, he was in negotiations with Mr. Shaffer to give him a slice of the Teapot Dome. Merely because he had applied for such a lease Mr. Shaffer got \$92,500—virtue is sometimes generously rewarded—from the Pioneer Oil Company when it got some of the Sinclair swag. Who shall say that that was not good business—for Mr. Shaffer, at least—by a business administration?

But this is only one happening. We have now learned that the Navy Department abandoned its rich coal mines in Alaska to buy coal from private concerns. The War Department seems to have been buying powder of private manufacturers while its own plants remained idle. It is even declared that the War Department has turned over a highly profitable property to certain individuals for a long term of years. Besides the Teapot Dome reserve of 52,000 acres Secretary Fall turned over 176,000 other oil acres to private persons under the oil-leasing act. In Mexico the State Department became claim agent and attorney for the oil interests, making recognition of the Obregon Government depend upon how good the Government was to Sinclair, Doheny, and their associates. The Colombian treaty reeks with oil; Secretary Fall urged its passage on the ground that it would aid American oil concessionnaires. The policy of the Shipping Board was similarly to get the government out of private business. In brief, the whole Harding-Fall idea was, first, to turn over to their friends all the pickings possible, and, secondly, to make of their “business government” a bond servant of big business generally.

Now we are well aware that business men will rise here to insist that the Fall-Doheny type of morals is not of their standard; that only the black sheep in business life favor \$100,000 cash “loans” to cabinet officers in black bags, or \$1,000,000 slush funds. We are asked to forget all the revelations of “Frenzied Finance,” all the insurance scandals, the story of the New Haven Railroad and of the Rock Island road—these, too, were merely the exceptions that prove the rule. So, too, the wholesale grafting and profiteering on government contracts during the war by so many of our most devoted patriots were “purely sporadic.” Well, let us accept this theory precisely as we should like to believe that the Bonfils-Shaffer type of journalist is exceptional. The fact still remains that wherever business touches government, as it has touched it in every Republican and most Democratic administrations, corruption is inevitable. The whole tariff system is nothing but corruption of government and of public morals—the sale of government favors to the highest bidder. The business man

who shrieks with anger at the possibility of socialism or at the very suggestion that there be price-fixing on behalf of the farmers or stock raisers sees no harm whatever in auctioning off tariff rates—that is, prices of manufactures—to the highest contributors to the campaign funds.

There is but one safe rule for a Washington Administration and that is the one Woodrow Wilson made when he first entered the White House—to keep business at arm's length and to deal with it in the open. But that is never the conception of a Harry Daugherty or a Warren Harding. These political plants are nurtured in a different soil. Theirs is the practical politics of the small town with its give and take of a quiet room in a local newspaper office or the Elks Club; theirs is the conception of public service of the usual sordid State Capitol—that politicians are there to help their friends and supporters, to see that these get good opportunities to make money and to help them out when they run into trouble. But back of it all is the supreme error and fallacy that government is primarily here to bring prosperity to us, to keep the dinner-pail full, in some magic way to compel good times. The voters have been trained by the politicians themselves to vent their anger upon the party in power if things go wrong, if the times are bad. The politicians' stock in trade is their promise that by doing this or by not doing that they will fill everybody's pockets. By some legislation or other they are to conjure up rich crops, fine prices for manufacturers, good wages for labor.

This was the ideal of the Harding Government; this was its ideal of “normalcy”; this was the reason why it deliberately set back the hands of time in an effort to reproduce the conditions of the McKinley Administration. This was why a “practical business-man's lawyer,” so familiar in the corridors of the State Capitol at Columbus, became Attorney General; this was why a rich and successful Boston banker became Secretary of War; this was why Secretary Mellon borrowed at from 4 to 4¾ per cent in 1923, this high rate being chiefly in the interest of the great banks with their endless millions in search of safe, short-term investments. It is just because of this theory of government that we are witnessing the present scandals. It does not do to say that they came because Fall was a bad lot and Daugherty and Denby negligent in their duties. Any group of cheap politicians put into office upon this theory and with this purpose must in the long run inevitably be corrupted.

As to the scandals, we believe that the origin of the whole mess can be traced back to that room in the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago in which on June 10, 1920, Warren Harding was nominated for the Presidency by the handful of insiders who were the real convention—the delegates as usual being merely camouflage. The Teapot Dome was given away then, and the Alaska coal mines closed down, and all the rest. Then the conspirators went out and announced to all the world that Warren Harding when elected would take the government out of business. What they really meant was that Warren Harding would put the government into business; that it would become the ally and partner of the get-rich-quick men, the speculators, and the promoters who crowd to Washington.

Europe's Sea Power Bloc

DIPLOMACY, in post-war as in pre-war days, carries on under cover, and published treaties only record what the diplomats are ready to tell. The Franco-Czech alliance, printed in this week's International Relations Section of *The Nation*, registers little new in its explicit terms; its implications are more important than the phrasing of its clauses. After all, England had an even less explicit agreement with France and Russia in 1914; yet she felt morally bound to follow them into war. And her army was not, like the Czech army, "a child of the French army, with a French general at the top of its general staff, so that the unity of spirit and method assures common action in the face of a common danger"—as the *Petit Parisien* puts it.

Explicitly, France and Czecho-Slovakia agree to "discuss in common" what action they should take if their "security is threatened" (fine old wheel-horse phrases of diplomacy!) and to arbitrate their differences; and specifically, to prevent the restoration of the Hohenzollerns in Germany or of the Hapsburgs in Austria or Hungary, or the annexation of German Austria to the German Reich. It is, of course, no real business of France's or of Czecho-Slovakia's what form of government or what ruler the Germans, Austrians, or Hungarians may prefer; but the decisions here reaffirmed are decisions long ago made by the Conference of Ambassadors. The new factor, and the significant one, is that France and Czecho-Slovakia herewith serve warning that, like Italy in the Corfu dispute, they will act as they please, and not wait upon England or the League. They—no larger group—will decide what constitutes a threat of restoration or a menace to security, and will act, if they choose, as arbitrarily as France has acted in the Ruhr. It is only fair to add that when M. Poincaré urged a definite military alliance upon President Masaryk the Czech statesman refused it; it is also true, however, that without the form of words the alliance in germ exists, in the thousand French officers training the Czech army, and in the diplomatic dependence of the Czechs upon the French Foreign Office.

France already had an alliance with Poland; and Yugoslavia and Rumania were allied with Czecho-Slovakia. This treaty must have seemed to seal French hegemony in Central Europe. With Austria already a vassal of international finance and Hungary about to accept the same yoke French Mitteleuropa seemed achieved. Yet no sooner had this new alliance been signed than the rottenness in the edifice began to manifest itself. M. Benes, the able Czech foreign minister, who has steered his country's foreign policy since the armistice, went to the Belgrade Conference of the Little Entente, hoping to induce Yugoslavia and Poland to seal the structure with similar alliances, and to give the group a continental solidity by recognizing Russia and bringing her into the alliance. His plan fell flat; the other Powers disapproved his isolated action; Rumania, still at odds with Russia over Bessarabia, and indignant at the French protests against her oil-nationalization law and the consequent refusal of the French loan, stood sullenly aloof; England, rapidly followed by Italy, made peace with Russia while France wavered; and Yugoslavia suddenly, in the midst of the conference, announced agreement upon the Fiume question with Italy.

To face France's Continental Bloc a Sea-Power Bloc

is arising; England and Italy are acting together; French domination at Tangier has driven Italy and Spain into each other's arms; Yugoslavia is turning to this group and away from the Little Entente; Turkey is settling her disputes with England more rapidly than those with France; and England has won the prestige of priority in recognizing Russia. France is left with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia (neither very friendly to the other) as allies, and with a disorganized Ruhr and an angry Rhineland on her hands, her hope of a Separatist movement dissolving in fearful massacres. The rapprochement of England, Italy, and Spain means, in time of crisis, a knife cutting France from her other great dream—her African Empire. French plans for a railroad across the Sahara are not mere romance; they should be read in connection with the introduction of conscription among the black peoples of Africa. French statesmen admittedly hope to more than compensate for their own low birth-rate by introducing Africa into Europe. But the Mediterranean lies between Africa and Europe, and England, Spain, and Italy dominate the Mediterranean.

All this, of course, is written in terms of the old diplomacy. Those are the terms in which Europe is thinking. There was a period, before the horror of the peace treaties was realized, when Europe was feeling its way toward a new diplomacy. Today again there is a new hope—in the presence of Ramsay MacDonald in the British Foreign Office. He sees clearly that barring a right-about-face Europe is headed for the abyss. The first necessity, of course, is to abandon the practice of alliances and oppositions, but no effective step has yet been taken toward that end. Until the League admits Soviet Russia and Germany on equal terms with France and England to its Council and Assembly it can only be an illusion and an impediment.

Prisons for the Mind

THOSE who are given to setting forth facts in the form of charts or graphs would find an interesting study in curves and angles in tracing the course of the movement to restrict freedom of thought and speech since the World War. There would be fluctuations and changes quite as remarkable as in lines showing the movement of, say, foreign immigration or the French exchange rate.

Immediately after the armistice the forces of restriction were directed toward suppressing any new political or economic theories. There was a general attack upon radicalism in political or labor organizations, led by Attorney General Palmer, the American Legion, chambers of commerce, and rotary clubs. The leadership and the animus obviously came from government circles and from big business. The federal Government prevented the impending coal strike by intimidating in the courts the officers of the United Mine Workers; the Department of Justice reveled in an orgy of illegal raids upon Reds and wholesale deportation of aliens; the States tumbled over each others' heels in passing "anti-sedition" and "anti-syndicalism" laws more drastic than anything during the war itself.

Then came a lessening of this pressure and a sudden turn of illiberalism into the field of morals and education. A passion developed to censor motion pictures and to suppress plays or books that dealt with the facts of life in anything but the conventional way. At the same time in privately supported schools and colleges a mania appeared

to restrict freedom of teaching and even of student expression; Clark University was disrupted and Dr. Meiklejohn was forced out of the presidency of Amherst.

Finally we have reached a stage of intense activity among pseudo-religious and patriotic societies to stifle by law the quest of truth and the guaranty of tolerance in our public schools and State universities. Most enlightened Americans regarded it as a huge joke when last winter the Kentucky Legislature came within an ace of prohibiting the teaching of evolution. That it was far from a joke is evident from the fact that within recent weeks, as noted in these columns, the Board of Education of North Carolina has pronounced against the use in public schools of biologies that intimate "an origin of the human race other than that contained in the Bible." Texas has a law prohibiting the teaching of evolution "as a fact," while the board of regents of the University of Texas has decreed that no "infidel, atheist, or agnostic" shall be employed in any capacity. Along with this recrudescence of religious bigotry and obscurantism is an attempt to sap the integrity of scholarship and research by laws to prevent the use of books that are "unpatriotic" or tend to upset traditions in regard to any of our national "heroes." Several such laws have been passed, and New Jersey now has before it an especially absurd and dangerous bill for that purpose which, we note with pleasure, the faculty of Princeton University is undertaking to combat.

The most discouraging aspect of this assault upon scientific and religious freedom is the quarter from which it comes. This campaign, unlike that against political and economic freedom, does not spring from big business or privilege. Its source is not Wall Street but the "great open spaces" of the West and South. Its proponents are of "Nordic" stock—"original Americans." We find a progressive like Governor Blaine willing nevertheless to sign a bill denaturing the school histories in Wisconsin. This hysteria is an enslavement of the "plain people" by themselves—a black hand of ignorance and superstition trying to close the light to future generations.

The situation was well stated at the recent annual meeting of the American Historical Association as follows:

Be it Resolved, by the American Historical Association, upon the recommendation of its committee on history teaching in the schools and of its executive council, that genuine and intelligent patriotism, no less than the requirements of honesty and sound scholarship, demand that textbook writers and teachers should strive to present a truthful picture of past and present, with due regard to the different purposes and possibilities of elementary, secondary, and advanced instruction; that criticism of history textbooks should therefore be based not upon grounds of patriotism but only upon grounds of faithfulness to fact as determined by specialists or tested by consideration of the evidence; that the cultivation in pupils of a scientific temper in history and the related social sciences, of a spirit of inquiry and a willingness to face unpleasant facts, are far more important objectives than the teaching of special interpretations of particular events; . . . and

Be it Further Resolved, That in the opinion of this association the clearly implied charges that many of our leading scholars are engaged in treasonable propaganda and that tens of thousands of American school teachers and officials are so stupid or disloyal as to place treasonable textbooks in the hands of children is inherently and obviously absurd; and,

Be it Further Resolved, That the successful continu-

ance of such an agitation must inevitably bring about a serious deterioration both of textbooks and of teaching, since self-respecting scholars and teachers will not stoop to the methods advocated.

Greeks, Girls, and 1944

THE Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ were not feminists. Their Olympic games were severely masculine. Women could neither be competitors nor spectators. They were not even allowed to cross the Alpheus or approach the plain of Olympia while the games were in progress. The winners of the contests were honored by the proud communities from which they came; at Athens they were supported for life at public expense. Neither the honor nor the chance to live without labor was within the reach of women. The ancient Olympic games died out in the fourth century A. D. and were not revived until 1896 when the modern international Olympics were instituted at Athens. Each fourth year since then, with the exception of 1916, the Olympic games have been held in different cities. Women are now admitted both as spectators and as contestants in women's events, but their fame is of a mild luster in spite of their popularity in the Sunday picture supplements.

Now suddenly a new question arises; a woman has appeared who can outclass all the women in her field and all the men as well. She has done what no woman has done in all history: she has broken a world's record held by a man. No man in all the annals of sport has finished the quarter-mile back-stroke swim within five seconds of Miss Sybil Bauer's time, and naturally Miss Bauer wants to enter the regular event in the games. But on the other hand, no woman has ever been permitted to compete with men in the Olympic games. Shall Greek tradition be allowed so disastrously to lapse? After 2,500 womanless years, shall a girl suddenly precipitate herself into a contest of men—and then, conceivably, thrash them? Would not great Zeus himself rumble and groan on Olympus if his games were thus finally profaned?

Sybil Bauer's, after all, is a modest invasion of men's rights, but it invites interesting speculations. The women of Athens never had a chance to discover their skill or their muscles. The women of today have had only a few years of participation in sport, and even now an insignificant number of girls go into athletics as a vocation or even as a serious side-issue. The tradition of the girl athlete is not yet established. But if events move as fast for twenty years as they have in the twenty just past, who can say what the Olympic games will be like or how many world's records will hang at the belts of girl swimmers or hurdlers? It is not hard to imagine the *New York Times* of July 10, 1944, discussing the subject editorially. "Sports in general," it will say, "and especially swimming, are fundamentally feminine pastimes, and thus it is natural that most of the prizes in the contests just concluded at Moscow should have gone to women. After all, the exercise of speed and mere unthinking physical strength are not qualities that men should either desire or seek to develop. None the less, we are gratified to note that in this feminine field of endeavor our American girls have so clearly outclassed, etc." But perhaps, in 1944, the *New York Times* editorial will be written by a woman, in which case it may be different.

Denby's "Lost" Letter

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

EX-SECRETARY DENBY on October 25, 1923, handed to the committee which is investigating the oil scandals a letter covering the transfer of the oil lands, which purported to have been sent by Mr. Denby to the President on May 26, 1921. *That letter was never actually sent or delivered*—such, at least, is the startling deduction which results from a study of the testimony given by the ex-Secretary of the Navy and others.

Senator La Follette in his speech on the resolution demanding the resignation of ex-Secretary Denby declared that "the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation, which broke the back of the Taft Administration, did not proceed upon more damning evidence than is at hand bearing upon the leasing of these naval oil reserves." There is indeed a striking similarity between these two great scandals in the history of two Republican administrations. It will be remembered that to oblige President Taft his Attorney General, George W. Wickersham, antedated an official memorandum so as to make it appear that President Taft had that memorandum before him when he took a certain official action. The question now arises in the Fall-Denby case whether ex-Secretary Denby, or someone else, has placed a document in the records which does not belong there, in order to throw the blame on President Harding and mislead the public.

The document in question was handed to the committee immediately after ex-Secretary Denby took the stand on October 25, 1923. It was dated May 26, 1921. Leaving out the unessential parts, the document reads as follows:

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: Some time ago I suggested that the Department of the Interior was the proper department to protect and conserve the naval oil reserves of the United States. . . . In a brief conversation in your office between yourself, Secretary Fall, and myself, it was agreed that you would issue an Executive order transferring the custody of the naval oil reserve from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior. In candor and in justice to the officials of the Navy Department, having charge of this particular matter, I must admit that the suggestion met with considerable resistance from them. I, however, proceed upon the theory, which I know to be the policy of the Administration, that governmental activities properly pertaining to one department and are operated by another shall be allocated to the department under which they belong, and I cannot avoid a conclusion that the custody of oil lands is the proper province of the Department of the Interior. . . . In consultation with the Secretary of the Interior, an Executive order has been drawn that is satisfactory to him and to me, copy of which I inclose herewith for your consideration. In conversation with the Secretary of the Interior, I have been personally reassured that he approves of this transfer and the form of the Executive order inclosed herein, and further, that he will give his best efforts to the conserving underground as much oil as possible for emergency purposes, and that he will also preserve, as far as may be, the navy's proportion of any oil that may be taken out under lease by private parties. He also states that in the development of any large policies concerning these lands he will not proceed without consultation with the Navy Department.

I submit the matter to you for your consideration, and recommend that the inclosed Executive order, or one similar

to it in form, be promulgated. If you care to hear from the officers of the navy who are directly concerned and who may desire to lay before you their views in regard to this transfer, I shall direct them to report to you at your convenience. I inclose herein a memorandum upon this subject drafted by Rear Admiral Griffin, chief of the Bureau of Engineering, in which the navy's position heretofore mentioned is set forth.

I beg that this matter may receive early attention, as bids were recently called for for the drilling of offset wells. These bids have been received but not opened. If this transfer to the Department of the Interior shall take place, I shall place them together with other papers in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior for such disposition as he may deem best. If the transfer is not to take place, I must at once proceed to open the bids and salvage as much oil as may be saved from drainage through private wells outside the naval reserves.

Very respectfully,

May 26, 1921

EDWIN DENBY

THE PRESIDENT,
THE WHITE HOUSE

Now the interesting thing about this document is that it exists only in the copy submitted by ex-Secretary Denby to the committee in such a hurry at the very beginning of his testimony. Senator Walsh made the most vigorous efforts to get the original of this letter, which was drawn to make out a clever case for Mr. Denby if it was not original. Vital as it is to his case, there is no copy of it in the files of the Navy Department, nor in the files of the Interior Department, nor in the files of the State Department (where the executive order is to be found), and what is more important, the original letter cannot be found in the files of the White House. Mr. Latta, in charge of the White House correspondence, reported that a careful search of the files had been made—in vain. So did Mr. Reichard on behalf of the Department of the Interior; neither was the Bureau of Mines able to produce such a letter. Although it was such an apparently complete statement of the way the naval reserves were transferred to Secretary Fall, it was not thought of sufficient importance, apparently, to be worth recording in the Executive Mansion or in three other important bureaus or departments of the Government at Washington.

Not only do the records of these several departments contain no trace of this remarkable letter of ex-Secretary Denby, but there is no proof that it ever reached the President, either in the form submitted by ex-Secretary Denby or in any subsequent revision. Assistant Secretary Roosevelt has testified that he personally took the executive order to the President on May 31 and obtained Mr. Harding's signature. Under oath he testified when asked whether he took a letter from ex-Secretary Denby to the President: "No; I do not think I took any letter. I think I took nothing but the executive order with me." More than that, Mr. Ogle, who is in charge of the Navy Department's records, has corroborated Mr. Roosevelt's statement by reporting that the records "disclose no submission of the said letter to the President." Now the alleged Denby letter bears date of May 26 and asks for immediate consideration by the President. Mr. Roosevelt swears that he did not go

to the President until May 31, five days after the day which ex-Secretary Denby wanted the committee to believe was the one on which he had sent to the President the letter in question, which letter Mr. Harding plainly never saw in any form whatsoever.

Indeed, the question now arises whether the whole letter was not a fake drawn up to make a record where a record did not exist. Curiously enough, ex-Secretary Denby, as Representative from Michigan, was one of the members of the Congressional Committee which inquired into the Ballinger charges and was, therefore, entirely familiar with the predating of the Wickersham memorandum to make it appear that President Taft had read it when he took his official action, when as a matter of fact he had not done so, the memorandum not even being in existence at the time. It is a special crime under the federal statute to alter the date or text of a public document for purposes of deception.

Returning once more to the Denby letter, the committee had the greatest difficulty in tracing the Griffin inclosure which Mr. Denby's letter said was transmitted therewith. Not until repeated demands had been made was Admiral Griffin's memorandum found. Even Rear Admiral Griffin when called to the witness stand was very vague in his recollection of it. At one point in his testimony he declared that he had made no written report but only a verbal one to the ex-Secretary.

Ex-Secretary Denby first declared: "I do not know whether Admiral Griffin wrote a letter to the President protesting against the transfer or not." His memory being refreshed by a quotation from the letter under scrutiny, he said, "Well, we shall certainly look up a letter if we can find it and will transmit it." Later ex-Secretary Denby's secretary testified: "The memorandum that you speak of has been searched for and not found." Subsequently, in some mysterious way, the memorandum was discovered—only to have it appear that it is dated May 27 or a day after the Denby letter of May 26 which purported to inclose it! It was important enough to be referred to in the alleged letter to the President, but was not important enough to keep in the Navy files or to find a place in either the White House files or in the Admiral's memory. Is it possible that the fact that seven officers of the Navy Department, who protested against the transfer of the naval oil reserves, were all relieved from their duties and sent to sea or remote stations, may have had something to do with the failure of the Rear Admiral's memory?

Under the circumstances it is perfectly obvious that the committee ought to lose no time in probing further into this record. If the files of the State Department, the White House, the Navy Department, and the Interior Department are kept in a negligent and careless fashion and ex-Secretary Denby is the victim of this negligence, the country ought to know it. Ex-Secretary Denby ought to have the privilege of again explaining on the stand the history of this interesting letter and of producing before the committee the Navy Department stenographer who took that letter at his dictation, or some one else's, and presumably initialed it and numbered it. It would be particularly interesting to find out whether the fact that the letter was signed "Very respectfully" instead of "Respectfully yours"—the usual official form—was due to haste at the time it was alleged to have been written or at some subsequent time.

Progressivism at St. Louis

By NORMAN THOMAS

IF within the next few months an effective third party emerges in the United States we shall know whom to thank. Our portrait gallery—I shall not say of founding fathers but of pioneers—will include pictures of Messrs. Doheny, Sinclair, Fall, McAdoo—and Ramsay MacDonald.

That this is a sober statement of fact and not of fancy is the chief impression that I brought back from the recent meeting at St. Louis of the National Conference for Progressive Political Action. Two months ago it was generally assumed that the St. Louis Conference would mark the end of a once promising experiment in bringing together progressive unions, farmers' organizations, and other groups.

Since its convention in Cleveland in December, 1922, the Conference had been rather quiescent. Some State conferences had been formed, one of which—New York—had celebrated the spirit of fraternity by excluding the Socialist Party and the more or less socialistic trade unions of New York City. It then proceeded to make itself a tail to the Democratic kite. It looked as if leading spirits in the National Committee of the Conference for Progressive Political Action meant to do the same sort of thing for the national Democracy though by less high-handed measures. Mr. McAdoo's flourishing candidacy gave the railroad unions and to a less extent some farmers' organizations a chance to pay back a debt they felt they owed to the former Director General of Railroads. His general liberalism and his fair and friendly attitude to labor greatly commended him. Even his repudiation of government ownership, to which most of the railroad labor unions were committed—at least on paper—and the alleged friendship of the Ku Klux Klan did not affect his popularity with the organization which had called the Conference into being. The skids were greased for indorsing McAdoo or leaving the way open for the National Committee to indorse him even if that meant the secession of the radicals and the end of one more attempt to unite progressive forces.

And then two things happened: The British Labor victory greatly stimulated in the rank and file a new confidence in the idea of independent political action, and the oil scandals more greatly stimulated disgust with both old parties as the tools of special privilege. More particularly they made Mr. McAdoo unavailable—to the intense regret, as I observed at St. Louis, of some of the railroad men.

In consequence the Conference assembled with a new spirit of hope and a new desire to get things done. The more conservative members of the National Committee were themselves persuaded to recommend another convention on July 4. They adopted a program far in advance of last year's utterance. "Why," said an old Socialist warhorse, "if this keeps up we'll have to sit on these boys to keep them from getting too radical." The Conference itself adopted these recommendations of the National Committee without much change or much wrangling.

Yet it would be wrong to exaggerate the temporary harmony. The ghost of the Workers Party was at the banquet. Or to be more literal, Mr. Ruthenberg was there. He did not demand admission but sat silent through the sessions. Two or three delegates of labor organizations were supposed to take orders from him and all their motions looking to definite commitment to a third party were

promptly and enthusiastically rejected by delegates who, as far as I recall, never said "Workers Party" out loud but whispered it about continuously. This irritation, distrust, fear—call it what you will—felt by all the labor leaders for the Workers Party has a wonderfully conservatizing effect upon them.

Now the center of interest shifts to Cleveland and July 4. Even before that comes the question of what will be done at the St. Paul third-party conference called by the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party and other groups for May 30. The zealous Mr. Mahoney, of the Minnesota party, will, he said, try to arrange that that conference be merged with, or held simultaneously with, the Cleveland Conference.

Between now and July 4 much may happen. The attitude of the Conference may be in part affected by the degree of success of the British Labor Cabinet. It certainly will be affected by the attitude of the old parties—especially should one of them nominate a reasonably untainted liberal. It will be greatly affected by what Senator La Follette may do. His was the one name on men's lips at the St. Louis Conference. There are, as readers of *The Nation* know, factors within both farmers' organizations and the labor movement, as well as external difficulties inherent in the American situation, which make prediction difficult.

And after sitting through the St. Louis Conference one cannot but have fresh hope. It is a great gain to find important progressive groups united on a program of radical change—a program calling for the nationalization and democratic management of the railroads, public ownership of water-power and a public superpower system, the rigid public control of natural resources, including oil and coal; the adoption of the Sinclair-Norris bill for the marketing of farm products, together with legal changes to establish trial by jury for alleged contempt of court, and to limit the use of injunctions in industrial disputes. The Conference also stands opposed to war and imperialism; and in almost all of these matters it has advanced many leagues beyond its vague and cautious utterances of a year ago.

Advice to a Clam-Digger

An American Georgic

By WILBERT SNOW

Go when the friendly moon permits the tides
To drop far out at early morn or eve;
When eel-grass lies in windrows on the flats,
And rockweed lays its khaki counterpanes
On barnacles that cling to sunken ledges;
Seek out a place where mud-enameled sand
Looks like a colander whose holes emit
Little salt water geysers when you step;
Then, facing shoreward, dig till you become
A lame and muddy partner of the cove.

Marvels undreamed of suddenly unfold
The secrets they have kept concealed so long:
The rancid mud-clams whose white shells betray
A worthlessness within, like beggar's gold,
Or empty conkles farther up the beach;
The iridescent clam-worms blue and green
With esculating red and yellow fringes,
Like Chinese dragons whose soft tentacles

Expand, contract, and writhe in oozy slime;
Long buried whore's-eggs; razor-fish with shells
Brown as old ivory and smooth as glass;
Or soggy timbers from a derelict
Who left her oaken bones upon a ledge
In some northeaster forty years ago.

You soon discover that the best returns
Lie nestled near the rocks that dot the cove:
Dig slowly there, lest you should break their shells,
For at a single forkful three or four
Will lay white buttocks bare before your eyes.
Protruding heads that keep a passage clear,
Aware of you, will scramble for their homes,
Spraying your eyes and face with stinging brine,
Engendering illusion that the shells
Are burrowing a fathom deep in mud.
Their flight is aided by the tousling in
Of saucy waters playing hide-and-seek
In every drain and crevice of the flats,
Laughing at your attempts to keep them out,
And salvaging rich treasure for the sea.

Your roller full, haul up your rubber boots
And wade into the green and golden cove
Where little flounders flit beneath your feet.
Pull bits of rockweed, Mother Ocean's facecloths,
And wash the thick-accumulated mud
From off your hoe handle; then souse your hod
And watch the white and blue intensify:
The sparkling freshness on the dripping shells
Which disappears as suddenly as dew
From violets or daisies in the sun,
Will teach you why the Indian long ago
Used these fair shells for ornaments and wampum,
And piled them in the self-same spot for years,
Until his heaped-up mounds were monuments
Where all spring wanderers might come and camp.

Fail not before you leave to glance around
And view the low-tide pageant of the shore:
The apprehensive manner of a gull
Who sits with white breast bulging to the breeze,
And flashes right and left his sulphur bill;
The slower movements of the pearl-gray crane
Who stands in eel-grass on a single leg,
Surveys the fishing prospects, then moves on,
To light again, survey, and move once more,
Till he has sounded out the channel's length;
The yellow bubbles on the flood tide making
A creamy dressing for the green sea-lettuce;
The dignity of rusty-iron rocks
Studded with bands of sharp white barnacles;
The breakers, if the wind blows hard off shore,
That chase each other on the sunken reefs,
And spout like white whales on an Arctic sea;
Or, if the earth be hushed to twilight calm,
The violet, dark-wine, and purple tints
That crown the flowing surface of the tide.

This poem received the only honorable mention in The Nation's Poetry Contest for 1924. First and second prizes were awarded respectively to Scudder Middleton and Genevieve Taggard, whose poems appeared in the issues of February 20 and 27.

These United States—XLV* RHODE ISLAND: A Lively Experiment

By ROBERT CLOUTMAN DEXTER

HER people and her politics are the distinguishing features of Rhode Island. Deeply chiseled over the granite portal of the magnificent State Capitol in Providence are these words, taken from the charter of 1663: "to hold forth a livelie experiment that a most flourishing civil state may stand . . . with a full liberty in religious concerns." The experiment began as a rebellion against the religious intolerance of a Puritan theocracy, but it has continued to furnish a lively experiment of one kind or another ever since. Not that the smallest State in the Union is barren of other distinctions. Rhode Island clam chowders have been imitated, but never equaled; and the white cornmeal of the South County surpasses in texture, flavor, and color the commoner yellow meal of Dixie. Despite these contributions to our national cuisine, however, the significance of Rhode Island lies in its social developments.

Geographically, Rhode Island can scarcely be called independent. Massachusetts on the east and north and Connecticut on the west have both felt that this upstart with its peculiar ideas and its desirable waterfront, ought to belong to them. When, to quote a local ballad,

In sixteen hundred thirty-six
Roger Williams got into a fix
By saucing the governor of Massachusetts
And skedaddled away to Rhode Island

Roger and his followers had no rights which the Chosen of Massachusetts were bound to respect. It took all the faith and courage of Williams, all his well-deserved popularity with the Indians, and all his political sagacity to maintain his foothold. Even after Rhode Island had a royal charter Massachusetts and Connecticut did not hesitate to exercise jurisdiction whenever possible.

Well-grounded fear of her more powerful neighbors, and the resulting jealousy to preserve her own rights and privileges as a sovereign State, have colored all Rhode Island's development. Rhode Island is separatism personified. Separatism in religion, separatism in politics, separatism in personal life: these have been the key-notes of her history. Her daring formulation of Williams's doctrine of soul liberty in the face of bitter opposition from without and lack of unity within transmitted this strong emphasis on individualism. It is hardly an accident that until quite recently Rhode Island, the smallest State in the Union, was the only one which had two capitals. The tradition of separatism explains, also, why each of the thirty-nine towns in the State has one State senator, so that West Greenwich, with 367 inhabitants, is as potent in the upper house as Providence, with a population of 237,595. This rotten-borough system has been one of the factors in the half-century of political degradation from which Rhode Island is now trying to emerge. The old-line Rhode Islander will cite with justice the national Senate as analogous to his local situation; but neither Nevada nor New Shoreham (another of the Rhode Island pocket boroughs) has legislative

records that prove the wisdom of this particularistic democracy.

Of greater importance even than its historical separatism, for an understanding of present-day Rhode Island, is its preeminent industrialization. Politics and people both are quite literally the "fruit of the loom." It is true that the rotten boroughs furnish the possibility for corrupt politics, but it has been the manufacturers of Rhode Island who have taken advantage of these possibilities.

It is the mill-owners, also, who for their own purposes have diluted the colonial stock of the original settlers, first with English mill-hands, later with Irish, and then with French-Canadians, Poles, Italians, and Portuguese (black and white), until a Saturday afternoon stroll along Westminster Street, Providence, leaves one with the conviction that Rhode Island is not one of "these United States" at all. One looks in vain for "tall, blond Nordics." Main Street, Pawtucket, speaks every language but English, while in Woonsocket the writer spent an hour recently in the City Hall without hearing a word of English spoken, by visitors or officials, except that addressed to him. Rhode Island is not only the most densely populated State in the Union; it is also the first in the proportion of foreign-born. Largely because of this immigration Rhode Island holds the lowest position regarding illiteracy of any Northeastern State.

We of the North are apt to think that the harrowing tales of child labor belong wholly to the past, or at least to the far-away South. Rhode Island, however, has met Southern competition during the last decade by augmenting the number of her laboring children, while every other State in the Union, even North Carolina, the bete noire of industrial reformers, has shown a decrease. Child labor in the United States during the last decade fell off 47 per cent; in Rhode Island it increased 6 per cent. Thirteen and four-tenths per cent of all the children in the State between ten and fifteen years of age are gainfully employed. What is to be this "fruit of the loom"? What of the future citizens of Woonsocket, with the highest percentage of child labor—18.7 per cent—of any city in the United States, or of Pawtucket, with 17.3 per cent? In the South, at least, only about half the employed children are cooped up in mills and factories; in Rhode Island, four-fifths of the 8,569 working children spend their days in the damp, hot, lint-saturated atmosphere of the spinning-room. Furthermore, Rhode Island has the unenviable distinction not only of having the highest percentage of employed girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one of any State in the Union, but also of employing over two thousand women nightly in its mills. Is it strange that there was opposition at the State Capitol last year strong enough to defeat a forty-eight-hour law; or that bills abolishing night work do not pass? The legislature, if not controlled directly, is frequently intimidated by the mill-owners' threat to go South, where they can do as they like—and consequently they do as they like in Rhode Island.

The heart of Rhode Island is not Providence; Providence is simply its market-place. Rhode Island owes its

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prosperity to two rivers, the brawling Blackstone, which turns more spindles than any river in the world, and the winding Pawtuxet. It is along these rivers that the mills are located, and along these rivers that the mill operatives live. In these days of the motor-car, the owner lives in Providence on the East Side or, in more and more cases, in New York or Boston. What have the mills given the workers for homes? The ordinary mill village presents little that is attractive. The mill is the center of the picture. Around it are grouped the mill tenements huddled together along one or two streets. Frequently these tenements are white, freshly painted, with well-kept palings in front. There is none of the hideous ugliness of the coal or iron town; the chief aesthetic defect of the mill town is its uniformity and its lack of space. The houses are built in long rows closely adjoining one another like city blocks, while all around are the undulating hillsides, winding rivers, and shining lakes. The town turns its back on these, however, and faces its master, the mill. In addition to the mill and the mill houses there are a store and a church—sometimes two churches, the larger and more pretentious topped by a gilded cross, and the smaller, generally a mere chapel, weather-beaten and in need of repairs. The latter too often supports only a visiting minister; the former is served by one or two priests, usually conducts its services in an alien tongue, and is frequently flanked on the one side by a parochial school, partly financed by company donations, and on the other by the tightly shuttered residence of the teaching sisterhood. Almost a hundred such villages exist in Rhode Island, utterly independent of town or county lines, and consequently having no political unity.

Jewelry is another potent industry in Rhode Island affairs. Providence is the largest jewelry center in the United States if not in the entire world; everything from Gorham's silver to Woolworth's hair ornaments comes from the city of Roger Williams. The jewelry industry contributes to the child-labor problem a unique element. During the brief time in which the federal child-labor law was in operation the Department of Labor discovered a system of home-work for children which has been in existence from the earliest days of the industry in the State. The Federal Department, in contrast to State departments, was shocked at the extent of child employment, and made a study of the problem in the three cities of Providence, Pawtucket, and Central Falls. Its report, recently published, showed 4,933 children, or 7.6 per cent of all school children examined, doing "home work." Such work consisted of carding snaps, stringing tags, setting stones in various types of jewelry, and wiring and stringing rosary beads. What a commentary on our commercialization, even of religion, that the very rosaries on which the faithful count their prayers in the name of Him who loved little children should be made by these little ones in poorly lighted tenements in the long evenings after school hours! The federal investigation revealed the fact that in some of these homes in which the rosaries which were to be kissed by the faithful were being made, members of the family were afflicted with tuberculosis, influenza, and even more loathsome diseases. Two-fifths of the child "home workers" were of Italian parentage and one-fifth French-Canadian.

The industrial picture that Rhode Island presents is not encouraging. True, it produces excellent textiles, first-class tires, admirable lathes, as well as mountains of ten-cent-store brilliants, but its industries and its politics alike

have been managed with little consideration for the human element. Unstinted immigration from Europe so long as that was possible, supplemented now by "habitants" from Quebec; long hours of labor for men, women, and children under conditions detrimental to health and happiness; the exploitation of children; the grouping of foreigners in mill villages barren of genuine American influences either in education or recreation—these are not the most hopeful ingredients out of which to make a commonwealth.

Fortunately there are more promising aspects of present-day Rhode Island. The power in the Pawtuxet Valley prior to 1919 had been the B. B. & R. Knight Company, a family concern, which had commenced with the Pontiac Mills in the eighteen-forties and gradually grown until it controlled over a score of mills. The Knights were notoriously unprogressive; in their own offices a typewriter was a rarity; oil lamps had been sufficient for lighting when they took over the mills; they were sufficient when they finally relinquished them. A Knight mill tenement had a reputation that was unsavory in more senses than one. Despite their antiquated methods they managed to secure maximum profits. In 1919 Robert Knight's sons sold their mills at boom prices to a New York corporation. But the company soon found that conditions in 1921 were not the same as in the years 1916-1919, and in order to pay dividends on their excess capitalization they ordered a 20 per cent reduction in wages with a continuation of the fifty-four-hour schedule. The result was an immediate and complete tie-up of every mill in the valley. Not only did the workers strike, but they organized for a protracted resistance. Local men at first headed the strike, but soon the leaders of the Amalgamated Textile Workers were called in, and thorough and complete organization was effected. The food supply was arranged for, dietitians and nurses were employed by the strikers, food kitchens were opened, and sufficient funds secured to fight it out if it took all summer. And fight it out they did from January until the autumn, when the wage cut was rescinded and the strikers went back to the mills victorious. There was little violence in the valley, although deputies and State troops were stationed there, and the result of the strike has been an immediate and definite change in attitude on the part of both workers and owners. Both sides admit that the workers are now in control, and while this presents difficulty to the owners, especially in view of their attempt to pay dividends on an overcapitalized investment, it is distinctly a sign of a better day. And finally, the children were found better nourished and healthier at the end of the strike than at its beginning. The day of feudal overlordship in the Pawtuxet Valley has disappeared; in its place we have corporate responsibility on the one side and well-organized labor on the other.

Lincoln Steffens wrote an article in *McClure's Magazine* in 1905—Rhode Island, a State for Sale—in which he proved beyond doubt his initial thesis that "the political situation of Rhode Island is notorious, acknowledged, and shameful." Then Nelson W. Aldrich was "the boss of the United States Senate" and at the same time the head and fount of Rhode Island's political corruption. Aldrich and his associates exercised their power through General Brayton, the famous blind boss of Rhode Island. So absolute was Brayton's power that the story is told that coming into his office one morning he inquired for a certain State senator. Being informed that he was in the Senate, Brayton

replied, "Bring him here; I want him to lead me out to (let us say for politeness' sake) get a drink." Brayton was "of counsel" for the New Haven Road, and Aldrich was especially interested in the Rhode Island Company. The New Haven as a factor in New England politics has passed away, and the poor Rhode Island Company is still struggling to pay off the indebtedness which Aldrich, Brayton, et al. fastened on its stockholders. Aldrich, Brayton, and their associates died politically intestate. The Republican Party machine in Rhode Island is now "in commission," and a weak commission at that. This decadence of the bosses is one of the most auspicious omens on the political horizon of the State. The Democratic Party has always been a party of the disinherited and discontented, and it has been particularly lacking in unity. A Rhode Islander was asked a few years ago which party he was going to support in the forthcoming election; he replied "I don't know; I feel like a jackass between two bales of excelsior." Twenty years ago the Republican Party was known to be corrupt but powerful; the Democrats were less corrupt but impotent. A change has come about in Democratic policy. No one conversant with Rhode Island politics will maintain that the Democrats are a unit, but at any rate they are more united than they were, and they still are the party of the disinherited and consequently of the progressives. I say disinherited, despite the fact that they hold the governor's chair, one of the two United States senators, and the presiding officer of the State Senate. But they are still of the disinherited; they do not represent the textile interests, or the metal trades, or the jewelry manufacturers. The Democrats have leaders: Flynn, the Governor; Toupin, the erratic Lieutenant Governor, and George Hurley, the present assistant attorney general and former chairman of the State Committee. Hurley is easily the most interesting figure in Rhode Island today: a Providence boy of Irish extraction, a brilliant student at Brown, a Rhodes scholar of distinction, an able young lawyer, and a resourceful politician. Hurley has always stood for cleanness in politics and in public and private life, and at his own request was given the position of assistant attorney general because he wanted to clean up the gambling-hells at Narragansett Pier, Johnston, Cranston, North Providence, and elsewhere that for years past had made Rhode Island a Mecca for sporting gentry and had furnished an easy living for politicians and local officials. Clean them up he did. The story of Hurley's fight single-handed is too long for this article, but it should be written. Quiet, gentle-mannered, with a pleasant Irish smile, and an altogether juvenile expression, he has cleaned up practically every gambling house in Rhode Island within the last year. He made no distinction between high and low. A few months since he summoned into court a philanthropic Rhode Island millionaire and eight or ten social leaders from New York to tell the grand jury what they were doing at a certain Pier resort. They told. The consequence was that the resort is closed, and some local politicians are now working for a living.

With the Republicans disorganized, the textile workers conscious of the value of organization and the ballot, and the Democratic Party in the hands of men like Hurley, it can be said with truth that Rhode Island is no longer a State for sale.

Rhode Island cannot be dismissed without mention of Brown University, which dominates the intellectual life of the State to a much greater extent than do either Harvard

or Yale their respective commonwealths. Under E. Benjamin Andrews, Brown gathered to itself some of the brightest minds in America, and many of the political leaders of the younger generation are practicing the precepts taught in Brunonia's halls. But "Benny" offended the industrial magnates in Providence by daring to have an opinion on political issues, and was dismissed. Andrews left to his successor some splendid youngish men, but one by one the Meiklejohns, the George Grafton Wilsons, and their kind have slipped away to positions of influence elsewhere. Brown is the poorer by their loss.

A typical Rhode Island institution is the Dexter Donation—six thousand feet of wall which incloses many acres of the best residential part of the city of Providence for an aristocratic poor farm—a poor farm with a property qualification. A century ago Ebenezer Knight Dexter left his native town sixty thousand dollars to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and he picked out the best site in the town for his benefaction. He requested that "a good permanent stone wall at least three feet thick at the bottom and at least eight feet high . . . and sunk two feet in the ground" be placed around his farm. There it stands today, despite efforts to have the land sold and the proceeds used to erect a more modern institution elsewhere. It affords care only for residents of Providence whose fathers or grandfathers have owned property; and it has no waiting list. The institution at Cranston for the poor who were not so fortunate is generally overcrowded.

In the face of such solid conservatism it is difficult to be optimistic. However, Rhode Island has been despaired of many times, particularly by her neighbors. Whether it is the protecting shade of Roger Williams or the healing waters of the Bay, the "lively experiment" still continues, and slowly, but nevertheless surely, changes come. Rhode Island was excluded from the New England Confederation, whose self-righteous members referred to their neighbor as "that sewer," principally because she consistently refused to exclude the sectaries persecuted by the "lord brethren." Her conduct during the period of paper money was scandalous, and yet it was during that same agitation that in *Trevett vs. Weeden* the dictum was established that the courts were competent to find illegal acts of the legislature contrary to the common law. Rhode Island's privateering was little short of piracy, and yet it is on this basis that the American merchant marine of the early nineteenth century developed. Rhode Island was the first to declare her freedom from Great Britain, but the last to adopt the Constitution. It took an armed rebellion in 1848 to establish manhood suffrage, but the rebellion came. Twenty years ago Rhode Island was literally and absolutely controlled by its feudal mill-owners and their political henchmen; now that situation has changed. Although Roger Williams would find it difficult to make his way about the Providence Union Station built where in his time was a shallow cove, and would stare aghast at the new Biltmore, we can be sure that the stirring aspirations of the mill-workers, the movements for the abolition of child labor, the striving of the disinherited for political power and freedom, the demands of the modernists in the church and state would enlist the sympathy of this first and greatest of American radicals. He kept his faith in the lively experiment in the face of adverse circumstances; may we not believe that enough of his spirit remains in the Commonwealth he founded at least to justify its motto, "Hope"?

Jacques Loeb

By EDUARD UHLENHUTH

ON the eleventh of February Jacques Loeb, since 1910 a member of the Rockefeller Institute and the outstanding figure in the biological sciences of the present time, passed away suddenly, still in the prime of his productivity, although almost sixty-five years of age.

A great man, like a common man, may live in one particular country, or in a metropolis of six millions, or in a small quiet village hidden away from the noisy roads of every-day traffic, or he may dwell in a cave on top of a mountain like Zarathustra and have as his only companions a snake and an eagle. But his ideas transcend these physical barriers; they have no home; they are not citizens of any country; they give birth to new ideas in other minds; they need no particular language to make themselves felt; they are friends even with the enemy.

The death of Dr. Jacques Loeb has brought us close to that truth. Thousands of persons in all countries are mourning the death of this man, and are united through him in a world which is still lacerated by national hatred. And of what nationality shall we say that he was? He was born in 1859 in Germany; he has lived since 1892 in the United States. He was a member of the Royal Institute of Great Britain, of the French Academy of Sciences, of academies and learned societies of Portugal, Russia, Poland, Argentina, and many other countries.

His work was as universal as his fame. There is no branch of the sciences of life which was not materially advanced by his work. Biology, medicine, psychology and philosophy, chemistry and physics, and even the technical sciences profited by his achievements. He published nearly 400 articles and nine books. Most men of science find it necessary to confine their work to a few problems of life. But in his hands biology remained the study of the mysteries of life in its entirety; problems touching on the very roots of life itself cropped out in almost every one of his papers. The study of animal tropisms dug down to the foundation of human behavior and psychology, the work in experimental morphology revealed the most fundamental laws of regeneration and growth. The discovery of the chemical fertilization of the sea-urchin egg revolutionized our ideas on reproduction and its most essential feature, the fertilization of the animal egg. The discovery of the antagonistic salt action led him to gain important insight into the phenomena of muscular action and of the ability of organisms to adapt themselves to environment. While studying the temperature coefficient of growth and development, he found occasion to formulate his ideas on the prolongation of life and the nature of death. Perhaps the culmination of his entire work was reached when he discovered the essential identity between the chemistry of colloidal and crystalline substances, making intelligible for the first time the chemical and physical behavior of the proteins, the chief components of living matter.

Those who were around him and knew his faculties and habits could readily see why he should have been enabled to rise to a position from which he could survey the entire realm of science. Aside from the creative genius which was born in him and continually inspired him to conceive new ideas, aside from the unshakable idealism that was at the

foundation of his faith in human progress and made him believe that this progress must come through science, he possessed the gifts of a most astonishing memory, of an unceasing and inexhaustible working energy, and an unparalleled faculty for reading. He rarely took a holiday. He worked regularly on Sunday morning, and during the summer months, instead of taking a vacation, worked in the laboratory which the Rockefeller Institute had built for him at Woods Hole. I doubt whether there was a man among his contemporaries who was as widely read as he. Through this, he acquired a surprising ability to recognize at first glance whether or not an article or book contained new and important contributions to science. There was combined in him early in his life the knowledge of an animal and plant morphologist with that of a physiologist, chemist, and physicist. It was particularly this circumstance which enabled him to study comparatively the phenomena of life in the different groups of the animal kingdom and in plants and to apply the methods of chemistry and physics to the study of living matter.

At an early period of his activity he was forced to accept a mechanistic conception of life in his work. He recognized that metaphysics had arrived at a stage at which it no longer could widen our knowledge of life. In order to gain new insight into the nature of living organisms, it was necessary to find new facts; this task could only be accomplished by using the methods generally employed in chemistry and physics and applying them to the study of living matter. In the beginning it was difficult for most of his contemporaries to follow his rapid advances. Fortunately he lived to see his methods of research generally accepted. He chose a mechanistic attitude toward life not because of an intention to explain life by any particular speculative theory or because he preferred any particular theory to another one, but merely because he felt an ardent desire to dig further into the mysteries of life by searching for the truth and to find new facts that would throw light on the nature of life. It was his opinion that only a mechanistic view could furnish the tools needed to accomplish this end.

In recent years he came more and more to the realization that in the interpretation of the phenomena of life those facts are the most valuable and trustworthy which could be expressed in numbers. Although the study of growth and regeneration occupied his mind at an early period of his work and led to important discoveries at that time, the formulation of a mathematical expression of the laws of growth and regeneration occupied him more recently and formed one of the subjects of his work up to the last moments of life.

It was, of course, well for him that he was spared the physical ailments and other disabilities of old age which he dreaded. But he left behind many who will feel his sudden death a severe loss. He was a real and fatherly friend of the young generation of scientists in this country; he showed deep interest and sympathy with the struggling mind of the young man who, bewildered by the multitude of problems, starts out to take an active part in the work of science. He was a leader of the growing generation, and an inspiring educator. While he insisted that scientific research should be carried on at its highest level, he was able at the same time to show the path that led to this noble aim. Men from all over the world, young and old, came to visit him, to enjoy his conversation, to listen to his counsel, to receive his inspiration, to be pervaded by his enthusiasm.

Night Thoughts

By W. L. WERNER

IT is very gratifying to the average man—who rarely achieves a life term either in jail or in the legislature—to feel that he is sufficiently important to merit eternal punishment or reward hereafter.

Consider the sanctity of ciphers. The tenth wedding anniversary, the centennial memorial service, the thousandth Sunday-school scholar, the millionaire—here are reasons for celebration. . . . Clearly man is higher than the animals that have no decimal system.

As soon as thought is translated into action and objects, it loses its force; the actions and objects, with their own uses, morals, and results, take its place. So good intents and bad are constantly being frustrated, and the world protects itself from the rule of the ideal.

Life is a tragedy in which a creature of habit struggles against a changing environment, a tragedy in which a social animal vainly seeks a perfect union. If the creature is sufficiently insignificant, life becomes a comedy.

Alas! Our schools and colleges are becoming so full nowadays that no one is getting an education.

"Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," and I suppose that the waiter who arranges my silverware three times a day is the greatest genius that I know.

It is a common but absurd belief that civilization is marching toward justice. The opposite is true. Civilization is constantly replacing the old eye-for-an-eye code with the current fashions in politeness, persuasion, toleration, remonstrance, and charity. When every other remedy fails, we take our troubles to court.

Man is an infinitely small creature, powerless by himself. The idea that a union of infinitesimals will be anything but infinitesimal is good religion and good politics, but bad mathematics.

The great gift of life is friendship. But for a sick man a doctor is more dependable than a friend; for a man seeking truth, an enemy is more reliable; for a criminal, a lawyer is more useful.

When a great artist first appears, he is appreciated only by a few who understand him. Later he is taken up by amateurs who ape his peculiarities but know him only superficially. Finally he is entertained by people who do not understand him at all, but who have a lot of money. Thus he is gradually reclaimed to the fold of mediocrity.

The first and only axiom of any system of ethics is: it is good to continue living. The only logical opposition to this is suicide; thus the opponent destroys himself and the axiom stands.

Time was when men discovered God in sticks and stones. Now we know that He does not reside there. Hence we are confident that there is no God. . . . "There are no children," said the landlord of a model apartment.

In the Driftway

READERS of this column were doubtless surprised, when the winner of the Bok peace prize was announced, to learn that it was not the Drifter. In fact the Drifter was mildly startled himself, and feels that he ought to offer a word of explanation. His failure to win the prize was not due to lack of a plan—his head is full of them—but to the fact that he is notoriously indolent and rarely gets around to putting on paper any of the numerous schemes for salvaging mankind that troop through his cranium. He was just getting ready to write out his peace plan when he noticed one morning that the prize had already been awarded. But in order that readers of this column may realize how superior the Drifter's plan is, he has decided to give it to the public free with this copy of *The Nation*. Listen, Mr. Bok, here it is:

* * * * *

SUPPOSING that next spring the Under-Secretary of Agriculture of Uruguay should meet on the terrace of the Café de la Paix in Paris the Keeper of the Privy Seal (or the official walrus) of Lapland, and pull his nose. That, it is well understood, would not constitute a private quarrel between the two men. It would be an affront by the cow punchers of Uruguay to the blubber hunters of Lapland, and the national honor of the latter would not be satisfied except by sending its sons off to the pampas to fight until the youth of both countries was under ground and the money of both nations in the vaults of the United States Steel Corporation and E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company.

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter's plan would avoid all that and yet satisfy as completely as Camel cigarettes—or is it soups? The Drifter would not attempt to outlaw war (it is far too stupid a thing for mankind to be willing to relinquish), but, like dueling, he would rob it of its dangers. He would organize war like a poker game. The first act after a mutual declaration of hostilities would be the appointment of the ruler of some neutral country as Grand Exalted Holder of the Jack-Pot. The aggrieved party—in this case Lapland—would make the first bid. Ten thousand blubber hunters from twenty to twenty-five years of age would be drafted by the state, kissed by their pride-filled sweethearts and mothers, and shipped off, not to the pampas of Uruguay, but to the Grand Exalted Holder of the Jack-Pot—say the Queen of the Netherlands. In order to stay in the war Uruguay would have to equip and pack off to the Hague an equal number of young cow punchers. Each country would be required to pay the board bill of its army monthly in advance, while it would be the duty of the Grand Exalted Holder of the Jack-Pot to see that the rival armies were well fed and housed and not allowed to be drowned by any inundation of the dykes. There would be no objection to letting the rival armies live in the same barracks and organize baseball games and dances while the old folks at home were hating each other at a distance.

* * * * *

THIS mutual levy of men would leave Lapland and Uruguay equal, with the former under the necessity of making the next bid. This time, let us say, Lapland would raise a foreign loan of \$100,000, which would be cheerfully

furnished in Wall Street at the moderate rate of 20 per cent and a lien upon the national blubber output for 999 years. The amount of the loan would be sent to Holland. Uruguay would then retaliate by furnishing a similar sum, which would perhaps be raised by a domestic loan, collected by the Daughters of the Pampas at no expense except for such tar and feathers as might be necessary to convince pacifists and pro-Lapps that liberty bonds were the safest, sanest, and soundest investment in the world, even if you had to mortgage your cyclone cellar to buy one. Then Lapland would get in the game again with a shipment of, say, 500 airplanes and Uruguay would have to match it or send a receipted bill for the cost of such an armada paid to grafting contractors or stolen by public officials. Thus the war would go on until one or the other of the belligerents was bled white of men and Wall Street could find no more suckers to buy its bonds. Then the Grand Exalted Holder of the Jack-Pot would award the war to the country with the highest stake, and would return to each all money and material and such young men as the thrifty Dutch girls had not meanwhile married and put to work. The honor of both countries would be satisfied, neither would be out anything except a moderate board bill, and the young men would have enjoyed the broadening influence of several years of foreign travel.

* * * * *

THIS, then, is the Drifter's peace plan. What about it, Mr. Bok? THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

How to Outlaw War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enthusiastically applaud *The Nation's* "own peace program" with its four main points: outlawry of war, world court with compulsory jurisdiction, complete disarmament, and a parliament of nations. "None of these plans can be carried without careful planning and long-continued effort under sincere leadership." May I suggest a method of effecting the outlawry of war?

When Chief Justice Taft was President—to his everlasting honor be it remembered—he advocated the settlement of all disputes between nations by peaceful means. He said: "I do not see any more reason why questions of 'national honor' should not be referred to a court of arbitration than matters of property or matters of national proprietorship." In accordance with this view President Taft's great Secretary of State, John Hay, negotiated a treaty with Great Britain definitely agreeing to settle all controversies without exception that might arise between the two countries by judicial or arbitral process. That was the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which unfortunately died in the Senate.

It is high time that another such treaty should be negotiated. That the Senate would again reject it is hardly possible. *This would be the outlawry of war as between the contracting parties.* Eventually all nations should be thus mutually pledged, but there is no need to wait for a universal agreement. Any two reciprocating nations may at once outlaw war as far as their relations with each other are concerned. For our country this would not be a long step beyond the Bryan treaties which require a year's delay before a declaration of war. If delay is possible for a year, it is possible for two years, or ten, or fifty.

Brookline, Mass., January 26 HENRY W. PINKHAM,
Secretary, The Association to Abolish War

The Cart Before the Horse

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your peace program published in the issue of January 30 seems to me to put the cart before the horse and then to disembowel the horse. The only way to make war or anything else a crime is by law, and to make a law against war there is needed a law-making body with the requisite powers. Thus in any scheme such as you contemplate the law-making body must come first. You have put it last and then by implication have denied it the power to outlaw war. How do you propose to make war a crime?

Your peace program too is a very warlike one. There is a large element of compulsion in it. Now who or what is to do the compelling? The court can't do it until it has a law to enforce and an international police to enforce it. This, however, is the most ticklish part of the whole business, as you must know. You must give up the compulsory features of your scheme or provide for enforcing bodies and their control.

The Nation seems to me to be divided in its allegiance. Politically it is liberal in the true sense of laissez faire. In economic matters it inclines to the extension of government control. When this conflict is carried over into international affairs it results as above in a demand for compulsion and the outlawry of war and a repudiation of the machinery necessary to carry out such a program. "The outlawry of war" sounds well but it means an international parliament, a law against war, a world court with compulsory jurisdiction and an international police.

Louisville, Kentucky, February 1

N. J. WARE

The Levermore Plan and *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of course it is not true—though you are "much advertised by your loving friends" to that effect—that *The Nation* is governed by the spirit that evermore denies. Your generous appreciation of the winner of the Bok peace award in a recent number gives the lie to that slander. That you should have qualified your appreciation by a repudiation of the plan submitted by Dr. Levermore was, of course, inevitable. *The Nation* will favor no plan that it believes "inadequate in the light of a world in chaos." It will have no half-measures.

I wonder how many of your readers would subscribe to your policy of everything or nothing. Certainly a world redeemed from the insanity and the bestiality of war is their desire as well as yours. Why not try a referendum of *The Nation's* readers to learn how many of them agree with you in rejecting the plan of a world helped as a first step toward the blessed consummation of a world redeemed?

It is here and here only, in his more realistic approach to the problem of world peace, that Dr. Levermore parts company with *The Nation*. He too has his eyes fixed on "that far-off, divine event," to which, we must believe, the world moves. He, too, would abolish war by fiat if he believed that it could by any such simple process be done away with. He has publicly declared his belief in the outlawry of war, in the general abolition of armaments, in practically every article of the faith that *The Nation* has so eloquently set forth. If in the scheme submitted by him for the American peace award he has failed to incorporate these elements of the peace-maker's creed, it is only because he believes that in the present state of political and public feeling they do not belong in a "practicable plan by which the United States may cooperate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world."

Levermore is an historian, a life-long student of international affairs, who combines with an intimate knowledge of the racial, religious, economic, and political factors that enter into the war system an equally wide acquaintance with domes-

tic politics. His immediate task was not to paint on the sky an apocalyptic vision of the world that is to be, but to mark out the first indispensable steps of the path in which the groping, blundering world that is must walk toward its far-away goal. The sureness and deftness with which he performed this task is sufficient evidence of the qualities of scholarship, insight, and understanding that made him the man for the job.

The Nation has "looked with an unfavorable eye upon the plan itself" because of its inadequacy as a means of insuring peace. Will it not now give its invaluable support to the Levermore plan, not to insure peace but to bring the nations together in united counsel to devise measures for the promotion of peace?

New York, February 16

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

The Next Step or the Horizon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your "own peace program" is evidently meant as a substitute for the Bok plan, as if the two were mutually exclusive. Permit me to suggest that the two are not exclusive but supplementary. Your program offers a series of objectives. It is related to the Bok plan as an end is related to the means thereto. Granted that the four points of your program are of cardinal importance, how shall we attain them? Take as an example a world court with compulsory jurisdiction. To say as you do that "the development of the World Court into one with compulsory jurisdiction was prevented by the League of Nations which eliminated the compulsory clauses" is to give scarcely a hint of the real difficulty. President Coolidge undoubtedly expressed average sentiment when he referred to a court "to which we could go, but to which we could not be brought." We are morally unready for compulsory jurisdiction, and among the strong reasons for this unreadiness are fear and suspicion. The way to remove fear and suspicion is by establishing helpful contacts, and that is precisely what the Bok plan aims to do. Its outstanding feature is that it starts from right where we are, and takes steps. Please do not think that we who believe in taking steps cannot lift up our eyes to the horizon.

Clinton, New York, February 1

EDWARD FITCH

A Wet Blanket for Warriors

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I submit my peace plan to your candid judgment and that of your readers:

1. Repudiate all war debts. This would discourage lending money for future wars; and no great war could be carried on if money could not be borrowed for it. Money for the enormous cost of war can be got only from those who have it—the rich and the well-to-do. They do not object to exchanging their money for tax-free government bonds. They would strenuously resist giving it to the tax collector, in the sums that a great war consumes. Their patriotic enthusiasm for war would evaporate if they were called on to pay for it currently in taxes—or if they thought it likely they would be left to whistle for payment of their tax-free bonds. And, since the rich and the well-to-do control the shapers of public opinion—the schools, the pulpit, and the press—and by one means and another control all governments, no great war could be carried on without their consent.

2. Provide that the fighting ranks shall be filled exclusively with persons who have voted for war, or have otherwise expressed a desire for it; and that among such persons there shall be no exemption for age, sex, or occupation. This would dampen the enthusiasm of the old men, the women, and the clergymen, who were telling us six years ago how beautiful our war was—what a source of spiritual regeneration. "Old men

make wars; young men fight them." The old men would make war less light-heartedly, the women and the clergymen would find less spiritual exaltation in it, if they had a vision of their own legs in the mud of the trenches, of their own bodies hung on barbed-wire entanglements.

Ithaca, New York, January 29

CHARLES E. EDGERTON

A Pledge for Statesmen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It has long since been apparent to all serious, unprejudiced folk that the famous Bok peace plan is nothing but a rehash of previous League of Nations proposals that were overwhelmingly rejected in the "Solemn Referendum" of 1920.

This writer who aspires to justify the self-given title of "practical idealist" has a plan of his own which can be put into effect without involving any European conferences, foreign entanglements, or other strings tied to any part of Uncle Sam's accoutrements, including his pockets. Briefly it is this:

The statesmen of all nations upon taking office of any kind, especially secretaries and ministers of state and foreign affairs, must pledge themselves, i.e., incorporate such pledge in their oath of office, not to encroach upon the rights and the liberty of a neighboring or other state, nor to seek any unfair advantage at the expense of such other state, country, people, or nation.

Coupled with this the writer would outlaw aggressive warfare first, to be followed in due course by the outlawing of all warfare. The United States of America should take the lead. A joint resolution by Congress, signed by the President, and its counterpart signed by prominent citizens outside the political arena, would constitute a new declaration rivaling in importance the Declaration of Independence. The world would heed it as it heeded its predecessor, and once again the opinion of mankind would become conscious of a step in advance toward the ultimate goal—the universal recognition that the ethical standards and moral conduct of an upright, honorable private individual must be made the rule in dealings of state.

New York, February 5

JUSTUS

Contributors to This Issue

NORMAN THOMAS, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation*, is now director of the League for Industrial Democracy.

WILBERT SNOW is assistant professor of English at Wesleyan University and the author of a book of poems, "Maine Coast."

ROBERT CLOUTMAN DEXTER, formerly of the department of social and political science at Clark University, is now professor of sociology at Skidmore College.

EDUARD UHLENHUTH is a member of the staff of the Rockefeller Institute.

E. S. MARTIN is an essayist, an editor of *Life*, and conductor of the Editor's Easy Chair in *Harper's Magazine*.

JOSEPH JASTROW is professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, formerly of the *Nation* staff, has recently accepted an appointment to give courses in history at Yale University next year.

E. G. H. KRAELING is lecturer in Assyriology at Columbia University.

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May 9—LINDSAY ROGERS—*Secret Diplomacy and Democratic Control*
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April 5—MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL—*Chinese and Western Ideals of Life*

STUDENTS CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION
New School for Social Research, 465 W. 23d St., New York

Books Available Religion

More Twice-Born Men. By Harold Begbie. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

FIFTEEN or twenty years ago there came out "Twice-Born Men," by Harold Begbie, a remarkable book of which one is told that half a million copies have been sold. It was a record of work done by the Salvation Army in making over men—putting new wills and desires into them, putting indeed new men into old bodies which showed the marks and characteristics of the lives their unregenerate former occupants had lived. It is a very remarkable book of which William James is quoted as saying that his "Varieties of Religious Experience" might well be called a postscript to it. It used to be said that one effective way of curing drunkards was by an old-fashioned Methodist conversion. It is true that that would cure them. By that process they gained a new will and a new purpose. No doubt, conversion of that sort still survives and does its work; no doubt such a work has been done by the Salvation Army and perhaps by Billy Sunday, but Mr. Begbie's motive in putting out his latest book, "More Twice-Born Men," is based on the feeling that religion is losing ground and materialism is gaining ground "chiefly because the power of religion to change the lives of men is now almost wholly unknown, or, if known, is regarded as an example of mere emotionalism working on weak intellects." This is the account of a man—a teacher—who can change men—not such men as "Twice-Born Men" dealt with, whom Begbie calls "the broken earthenware of our discordant civilization," but "young men, some brilliant in scholarship, others splendid in athletics, and all of them without one exception modest and gloriously honest."

The name of the teacher is not given. He figures as F. B. It is not difficult to identify him, but it is not necessary. Mr. Begbie speaks of his activities as a strange work that has been going on for two or three years among undergraduates of many universities in England and all over the world. It is a work, he says, of which the general public knows nothing at all and of which the religious authorities so far as he can gather have never heard. Impressed by what he heard about F. B. and by what he was accomplishing, Begbie went to see him. He was not charmed with him. He disapproved of some of his theological opinions. He disliked some of his ways and phrases. But he was won by the inward qualities of the man and by the extraordinary things that he had been able to accomplish.

The story of his exploits as Begbie tells it must be interesting to anyone who is interested in religious processes and possibilities. What F. B. seems able to do is to unite the warring elements of the will and give them direction. The men he dealt with were nearly all of them already religious, but not satisfied with what they were or what they could do. His purpose with them was to give them understanding and power to impart what they had. He seemed to find them discordant fragments and to leave them whole. The energies of a divided mind are largely occupied with reconciling discord. The energies of a united mind can go ahead and do something. F. B. could unite divided minds and send them on their way.

The concluding chapter in the book is about immortality. Mr. Begbie quotes Cotterill as saying in his "History of Art" that "the one all-important doctrine of the Early Church was that of Eternal Life." Begbie would have the contemporary churches make more of this doctrine. "They are in evil plight," he thinks, "because they have no thesis of existence in their minds, no creative conception of the evolutionary thesis, only an inherited theology of which they begin to feel a little ashamed."

There is a lot of religion available, nowadays, for those who can get it, and an immense work for it to do. The evolutionary idea is new, and churches and Christians have not

yet fully digested it. Some of them think that it is the enemy of faith, but the truth is that anyone who can believe in evolution can believe in anything. Anyone who believes that man came to his present powers and estate by processes of evolution extending over millions of years can surely set no limit to the distance he may still go or to the place at which he shall finally arrive. This is a book for psychologists, teachers, preachers—for him who thinks that what the world needs most is religion because of the power that is in it to change the minds of men.

E. S. MARTIN

O Pirateers!

In Quest of El Dorado. By Stephen Graham. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

In the Wake of the Buccaneers. By A. Hyatt Verrill. The Century Company. \$4.

The Dark Frigate. By Charles Boardman Hawes. The Atlantic Monthly Press. \$2.

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed!

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed!

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd,
And wickedly I did,
God's word I did forbid
As I sailed.

AFTER a surfeit of coral-fringed, lotos-eating islands of the equatorial Pacific it is good to turn to our own South Seas, especially to pages which describe not only the cobalt waters and the sun-splashed sands of the Caribbean today—with their easy, lazy life—but recall the roaring, gorgeous days of blood and gold, of pistols and pirates, when men risked all for a swallow of rum or a handful of pieces of eight. Mr. Graham sets out from Spain on the romantic errand of following the trail of her gold-hunting caravels to the New World; Mr. Verrill sails us around among the West Indies, entering all the famous old harbors of the buccaneers, comparing life in them today with what it was in the seventeenth century; Mr. Hawes has taken the Caribbean of this stirring period as a setting for a capital story of a pirate ship upon a pirate ocean.

A frank admiration for his black-hearted cutthroats is confessed by Mr. Verrill:

Perchance it is the fact that we all appreciate bravery—and, notwithstanding their multitude of sins, the buccaneers were brave beyond compare. Again, it may be that in all of us lurks a little of the gambling spirit and we admire those who can take a chance, even though we do not, and no greater gamblers ever lived than the buccaneers.

Many of these corsairs, too, left valuable data, like Esquemelling and Dampier. The latter made notes on natural history which, as he himself puts it, he kept in a joint of bamboo "stopt at the ends with wax to keep out water" when he plunged into the streams which he was "often forced to swim."

Mr. Graham, too, pays his tribute to piracy. In perhaps his best chapter he describes how he crossed the Isthmus of Panama in order to set eyes on the Pacific for the first time as Balboa did—from a peak in Darien.

It was icy cold and burning hot at the same time, dank and steaming; perspiration soaked even through the leather of one's knee boots, but small cold airs crept out of the profound green shadow on either hand, chilling for a moment the very marrow. Underfoot were innumerable water currents and mud and slime, and the giant trees above us dripped water all the while. A gravelike coldness crept about everywhere, and now and then a draught of air would lift my wet shirt and make it flap against the skin. Yet it was burning hot.

In a burst of admiration Mr. Graham adds:

The Spaniards plunged across the isthmus in chain mail; I was in my shirt, my guides were without even a

shirt. How the Conquistadores did it in complete armor gives a measure of the physical endurance of these men.

Mr. Graham in his *Odyssey* saw what Mr. Verrill did not, or at least did not record: that the quest for El Dorado is still going on in the Caribbean, but that the stage settings and the actors have changed from galleons loaded with bearded men brandishing ugly cutlasses to steamships loaded with smooth-shaven Americans brandishing beautiful concessions. "The drive of events is making democratic America into an empire," he notes. Mr. Graham is an Englishman to whom imperialism is no treat and likewise no reproach. He accepts it as among the inevitabilities, and his imagination is more swayed by the stupendous accomplishment represented by the Panama Canal than is his conscience disturbed by what the twentieth-century gold-hunters are doing to the natives of the Caribbean or the ideals of their own country.

The Stars and Stripes at the Panama Canal has become the flag of empire. . . . It is more rousing and significant there than anywhere else at this time. It may droop at Washington; it may look ridiculous in the hands of Mr. Babbitt; but at Panama it is the flag of America's inevitable destiny, the flag of her sway and of the triumph of her language, her character, and her business. . . . The Panama Canal delivers Central and South America to Wall Street, to the American commercial commonwealth, to the American people.

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed!

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed!

Oh, my name was Captain Kidd,
And wickedly I did,
God's word I did forbid
As I sailed.

And still he sails—the eternal Captain Kidd, in galleon or steamship, brandishing cutlass or concession. O pirateers!

ARTHUR WARNER

Feminine Epicures

A Guide for the Greedy. By Elizabeth Robbins Pennell. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.

The Borzoi Cook Book. By Princess Alexandre Gagarine. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

ELIZABETH ROBBINS PENNELL'S delightful book would not have had to wait twenty-seven years for its second edition had it not appeared under the puzzling title of "The Feasts of Autolycus." Which Autolycus, and who was he anyhow? are questions that would come to most persons; and so this little volume became a classic, somewhat after Mark Twain's definition of a book that many have heard of but few have read. It will be far more widely read under its new title, "A Guide for the Greedy," although that also is a little puzzling. Nay, more than a little if we happen to open it on the pages where the author says: "Gluttony is ranked with the deadly sins; it should be honored among the cardinal virtues." "Rejoice in the knowledge that gluttony is the best cosmetic"—"it deserves nothing but praise and encouragement."

It is needless to explain that she does not use "gluttony" in the dictionary sense of indulging to excess in food and drink. She means it simply in the sense of luxurious living, of gastronomic enjoyment. Gluttony as it is ordinarily understood she abhors; abhors the "men who ate and drank, until, replete and exhausted, they fell under the table"; abhors the American custom of featuring in menus quantity instead of quality; abhors also the glutton in another sense of the word: "the man who gallops through his pleasures in hot haste."

The new title seems born of a defiance of the old notion that a healthy appetite is a snare of the devil and that its gratification means eternal damnation. This notion has lingered longer among women than among men. To this day "women, as a rule, think all too little of the joys of eating"; and, when

economy is called for, the purse strings are first drawn tight in the market-place and at the restaurant; which is all wrong.

If every woman in the land could be persuaded to read this book, what a change for the better there might be! For enthusiastic and poetic descriptions of the pleasures of the table equal to Mrs. Pennell's one has to go to epicures of the other sex like Brillat-Savarin or Dumas, whose gastronomic "Dictionnaire" is to her "more exciting and thrilling than his 'Monte Cristo' or 'Three Musketeers.'" It grieves the author that although for centuries the kitchen has been woman's appointed sphere of action, she has "allowed man to carry off the laurels. Vatel, Carême, Ude, Dumas, Gouffé, Etienne, these are some of the immortal cooks of history: the kitchen still waits its Sappho."

Beg pardon, madam. Sappho is here now! She arrived twenty-seven years ago with her message, but her contemporaries were, as is the usual thing, too obtuse to recognize her genius. Were she less modest she might have called her book *Sappho in the Kitchen and Dining Room*. There is true poetry in her glowing descriptions, her abundant recipes, her enthusiasm over the good things the Lord has provided for us. And like the Greek Sappho, Elizabeth Robbins Pennell orders her feasts "in sheer voluptuousness of spirit."

Just to read the chapter heads must make every one who likes good eating reach for his hat and overcoat and hurry to the nearest book-shop for a copy of the book. Here are a few samples: *The Subtle Sandwich*; *Bouillabaisse*; *A Symphony in Gold*; *The Archangelic Bird*; *The Magnificent Mushroom*; *The Incomparable Onion*; *The Triumphant Tomato*; *Indispensable Cheese*; *A Dish of Sunshine*; *Enchanting Coffee*.

Mrs. Pennell has traveled much, and her menus have international variety; but, like every genuine epicure, she puts France at the head of the procession, while bestowing on our own country the palm for fruit. "The French have given us most of the things that make life worth living, and among these things is the art of cookery in its perfection." Yet she enthuses over German delicatessen quite as ardently as over the French specialties in cheese and sweets, of which nearly every town has its own.

The Far North gets less attention from this Gastronomic Sappho; but no matter, for here comes, just in time, the Princess Gagarine's "Borzoï Cook Book," which specializes in Russian dishes, many of them most appetizing to read about; some, the Princess admits, do not tempt the non-Russian appetite. Never mind the names; Bortsch is nothing worse than soup, and there is nothing wrong about piroshkis and pancake pie, and vatronschkis with curds, and Koulebiaka, or meat pie, or aspasia of fish, and so on. The general directions at the beginning of each chapter prove the Princess to be an expert cook.

HENRY T. FINCK

Science or Propaganda

Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual. By F. Matthias Alexander. With an Introduction by Professor John Dewey. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

THIS volume is a sequel to "Man's Supreme Inheritance," a book that achieved a fair vogue through the laudatory introduction by John Dewey, who repeats the service in the present instance. Despite the confidence which the critical sense of the introducer commands, one cannot repress a considerable doubt whether in the present instance the commendation is warranted. One need not go so far as to recall the case of Bishop Berkeley as that of another eminent philosopher who staked his faith upon a remedy—the efficacy of tar-water—as a cure for human ills, while still expressing the suspicion that the demonstration of benefit received has operated to obscure the relations of theory and practice. Dewey explicitly informs us that this case is different; that it is not a fad or a knack for which a set of principles has been made to order, but that it is a real discovery of first consequence.

To skeptics the book conveys no such impression. To such the chapters read like an endlessly and thinly elaborated repetition of a few bits of phrases, not without meaning indeed, but still vaguely employed and bloated to an importance out of relation to their substance. A wholly speculative assertion that man has deteriorated from his primitive estate, has lost sensory appreciation, has a wrong psycho-physical attitude, is following a false trail by striving for ends instead of attending to means, consequently is full of bad postures whether in sitting, walking, playing the violin, or playing golf, and equally of unwholesome attitudes—hence unrest and unhappiness; and that a set of exercises and directions founded upon this discovery and capable of restoring primitive function to its due and natural expression has been devised by Mr. Alexander and administered to thousands with remarkable benefit: all this one may in part believe and half accept and yet question the validity of the thesis either of the "Supreme Inheritance" or the "Constructive Conscious Control." Instructions for "shortening" or "lengthening the spine" or for breathing properly seem more convincing when dissociated from their promised effect upon self-knowledge and happiness, though one does not question that within a liberally vague analogical orbit both are instances of proper "psycho-physical equilibrium."

The whole proceeds far more in the manner of a cult than of a scientific inquiry. The impression seems difficult to avoid that the elaborate repetitious verbal structure has been devised to give the setting of a psychological architecture for a technique that doubtless has both merit and foundation, but achieves its purpose by quite other and simpler means than those alleged. So far as this is the case, the program is but one of many that make a bid for scientific and philosophic sanction by a clever assumption of the formulae or the vocabulary without meeting the essential credentials for an accredited status in the guild. At their lowest, crudest levels such programs become pretentious schemes and even fakes; any such intimation would be grossly unjust in the present instance. There is a good deal of wisdom and quite sound psychological application scattered throughout this volume; but the leading tenor of its claims and their vindication is by no means free from the odium attaching to the propagandist in the unfavorable sense of that mission.

JOSEPH JASTROW

"Past Tenses"

Open All Night. By Paul Morand. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

LIKE one of his own creations, the winner of the Prix de la Renaissance is at his best "when thinking in capital letters and flying to extremes." The pattern of his writing is bizarre. His verbal pictures have the vivid colors and the sharp contrasts of posters; they are three-sheets of ironic impressionism. With the swiftest of strokes, he throws his figures up in front of the eye, juggles them at the end of a long brush, and slaps them into place like a bill poster, smearing them with the paste of disillusion. Viewed from the front, they are gay and tragic at once, and always fascinating—if one does not look behind and discover the rough boards, the bare scaffolding which supports the picture.

Five vivid studies of post-war Europe, each with a different setting but all in a harmonious key, are projected in this volume. They are glittering reflections of the desperate bewilderment into which life has been thrown in an age in which "men have become soldiers and women have gone mad and destiny has added her quota in a pretty series of catastrophes." Written with a trenchant irony, they dash back and forth across the hair-line which divides the romantic and the absurd. Sometimes the effect is genuine, as in the tightly drawn panorama of a six-day bicycle race; occasionally it is nothing but vaudeville: "Is she at all literary?" "No, I believe she's quite a good girl."

Morand sees the world like a platter turned upside down,

with a well-browned, nicely basted aristocracy suddenly spilled upon the ground for beggars to snatch at. Nothing remains intact in this welter of disorder except the primitive passions of men and women, and even these are curiously diverted, in many instances, from their normal expression. Thus one finds Remedios, a "mermaid in the sea of Marxism," quoting sentimental Andalusian proverbs yet living with an intensity which belied them; and Anna, with her Russian pathos and her stoic resignation, talking with such a far-away intonation that "one came to fear that none of the things she said had ever happened to her." These, and the rest of the women in this sharply sensuous gallery of Morand's, are caught in their most feminine manifestations, filled with contradictions and shaken by the contrary winds of their emotional natures. They are externally real—and yet just a little incredible.

Perhaps it might be said that Morand's heroines partake of the qualities which he finds in the Russian tongue. "A disconcerting language," he says, "in which even the grammar sets words free instead of tying them down, and which contains several past tenses each more and more remote from reality, until one begins to doubt even the existence of yesterday." Yes, these ladies grow bewildering in their "past tenses"; Morand himself is not quite untouched by the mirage. As a matter of fact, these studies—for all their modernness of mood and of material—have curiously begun to "date." They might, were it not for their background, be a literary product contemporary with "A Rebours." The pen of Paul Morand has that same restlessness—and the same pallor.

LISLE BELL

Wanted: The Spirit of Peace

The Problem of Armaments. A Book for Every Citizen of Every Country. By Arthur Guy Enock. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

MR. ENOCK'S book is an arsenal of arguments for all who believe that war ought not to be, as well as for those who hold that the gains of war, however considerable they may appear on the surface, are rarely if ever commensurate with the cost. The carefully compiled statistical exhibits which are offered of the military and naval expenditures of the principal countries of the world from 1900 to 1920, and of the casualties and other losses of the World War, afford an unanswerable demonstration of the futility of attempting to settle international disputes by force of arms.

What is likely to cut most deeply into the consciousness of the reader, however, is Mr. Enock's exposition, first, of the extent to which a great war absorbs in all directions the economic life of a nation; second, of the extent to which indirect preparation for more and deadlier wars is being made through apparently peaceful scientific and industrial development; and, third, of the comparatively slight influence that appears to be exerted by any or all organized efforts for peace. Of the first of these points the account of the multiform activities of the British Ministry of Munitions during the World War is the outstanding confirmation, while the force of the second is seen in the conscious and deliberate development of the resources of chemical warfare. What, then, in the large, does the continued preparation for war mean? It means, to quote Mr. Enock, that "with the lessons of the past plain before them, leaders of men have failed to learn wisdom"; that notwithstanding repeated outbursts of war, "the lessons of history have been lost," and that men have preferred to use their immense accumulation of knowledge and experience to spread desolation and death rather than to enhance physical, intellectual, and moral well-being. In the twenty-one years covered by Mr. Enock's survey, fourteen nations have chosen to find for war purposes £61,500,000,000, "a sum which, with the pensionary burdens and the interest on debts incurred for armament in the past, has absorbed three-quarters of the productive energy of the peoples." In the presence of such colossal waste only a fool will insist that the problem of armaments is academic, or that paper agreements among

governments which have administered and encouraged the orgy will ever accomplish any good. The only sure preventive of war is a new spirit in the minds and hearts of men, and for the cultivation of such a spirit Mr. Enock's book is an earnest plea.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Resurrecting the Ancient East

The Life of the Ancient East. By James Baikie. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

History of Assyria. By A. T. Olmstead. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.50.

THE tremendous march of events in the Near East, the world's "most dark and bloody ground," has awakened a new interest on the part of Western peoples in the lands of the Levant, and hence we greet with enthusiasm all fresh knowledge of their past. Renewed excavations have been inaugurated by universities and learned societies in many quarters, but nothing has so stimulated the imagination of the general public as the accidental discovery of Mr. Howard Carter's Arab workmen in the Valley of the Kings.

James Baikie's "The Life of the Ancient East" will give many just what they desire—a glimpse into the romance of archaeological discovery. Very naturally Egypt stands in the foreground. Abydos, the holy city, Thebes with its temples and tombs, Tut-ankh-Amen's sepulchre and treasures, pass in review before the reader and lend a vivid impression of Egypt's glory. But the most fascinating chapter is that which tells of Tell-el-Amarna, the capital of Akhenaten, the noblest of the Pharaohs, who lost an empire but won a place among the immortal leaders of religion as the first monotheist of history. Mr. Baikie, however, realizes that Egypt must not monopolize our attention and so leads us to that other great and wondrous land which has contributed more written records of its past than any other of antiquity—to Babylonia and Assyria. The old Sumerian city of Lagash is first described, as sample and symbol of the earliest culture in the land of the twin rivers. But the great capitals Babylon, Nineveh, and Ashur are also resurrected for us, and with awe we stand on the ground where Hammurapi codified his great *corpus juris* and from which the mightiest conquerors and soldiers of ancient history sallied forth to war. From Mesopotamia we journey westward to the lands of the Iliad and Odyssey and are told the most stirring chapter of all archaeological exploration, how Heinrich Schliemann unearthed Troy, Mycenae, and Tiryns from their grave of ages. Transferring his attention to Crete, Mr. Baikie tells of Sir Arthur Evans's discoveries at Knossos and of the sea kings who ruled the Aegean in the days before the Greeks made their appearance on the stage of history. And finally our pilgrimage ends in the Holy Land at the ruins of ancient Gezer, a city of the Canaanites. The diversity of themes discussed in this book prevents it from becoming in any way monotonous.

Of much greater importance, however, is the "History of Assyria" by A. T. Olmstead. Here at last is an up-to-date, beautifully bound monograph on this subject written not by a mere chronicler but by an historian of grasp and power. He has made use of the most recent material, such as the new historical texts from Ashur and the remarkable Nabopolassar Chronicle of the events of 616-609 B.C., just published by J. C. Gadd, which throw so much light on the beginning and end of Assyrian history. The great collection of Assyrian letters by Robert Francis Harper has also been utilized with profit. Perhaps Mr. Olmstead has dealt with matters pertaining to the sphere of Hebrew history at greater length than was necessary; also, the discussion of the Kings of Yadi (it is to be regretted that he paves the way for more confusion by erroneously calling this kingdom the northern "Judah") belongs rather to a history of the Aramaeans and has been abundantly dealt with elsewhere. In the concluding chapter he has yielded to the temptation to philosophize. He defends the Assyrian against the

charge that he was merely a rapacious wolf, and finds that history often justifies the imperialist by making him the bearer of civilization. Some readers will doubtless lay aside his book comfortably reconciled to the French reign of terror in the Ruhr or the slaughter of millions of Oriental Christians by the Turk, believing that a future historian will write for the perpetrators such an epitaph as Mr. Olmstead has written for the Assyrian: "He was the shepherd dog of civilization and he died at his post." Others, to whom the relativities of history are insignificant beside the absolute categories of right and wrong, will see a brighter future for civilization when a few more of its shepherd dogs die. But perhaps we ought not to quarrel with the author of a great book about matters of detail such as these. Let us rather hope that his book will arouse such interest in Assyrian exploration that our knowledge of this people will be enriched still more. Thanks to the stimulus given by the late William Hayes Ward, an American School of Oriental Research has been opened at Bagdad. When we remember that even Nineveh has been only partially excavated and that other great Assyrian cities have never been touched by the spade, it seems to us that here is a vast opportunity for wealthy Americans to become great patrons of a science rich in romance and surprise. The 176 illustrations that Mr. Olmstead has selected for the adornment of his book should help to arouse many to the possibilities existing in this field.

E. G. H. KRAELING

Your Little Boy

One Little Boy. By Hugh de Selincourt. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.

THIS book is an expression in fiction of that modern spirit which values whatever is true in life and therefore approaches this truth with sympathy and interest. It is the story of a boy just past puberty confronted with the problems of his years, mysteries to him because of his parents' failure to teach him the essential facts about his body and the elementary truth about the propagation of life. The headmaster of the English "public school," where the scene is laid, detects the youngster in "the worst offense that boy can commit, an offense which defiles a community, which saps the roots of character. If I had not watched him with my own eyes," Headmaster Lake tells the assembled school after morning prayers, "I could not have believed him capable of such foulness. My own mind feels polluted by what I saw." And announcing his determination "to keep my school pure at whatever cost," he flogs the offender publicly in chapel and forbids his talking with other boys for the rest of the term. Mrs. Hullertson, the boy's widowed mother living nearby, greatly distressed by what has happened to her son, Graham, hurries to the school to learn from the headmaster that she has been an indulgent mother and that to save her son from wickedness she must not spare the rod. But both she and her son remain bewildered and unhappy. Their problem is solved by the entrance into the story of a very lovely girl, several years Graham's senior. Paula and her father, who comes to assume something of a father's part toward Graham, are fresh, spontaneous, and wholesome. And being what they are they supply the common sense lacking in Mrs. Hullertson and the stimulus that Graham needs.

If the ending appears rather vague and leaves the reader in doubt, the author's underlying purpose is unmistakable from the opening chapter. Being an artist Hugh de Selincourt has deliberately avoided giving us a tract but instead has created a fragment, delicate and fragrant, gently ironical at times, and occasionally sentimental. The characters are on the whole well drawn. Yet one can but wonder at the striking disparity in the constant picturing of Graham as "a little boy" and what we know his age, for physiological reasons, must be.

"One Little Boy" is a significant book. It is a token of a very recent mental emancipation, a concession in process of

being wrung from our civilization. Twenty years ago—perhaps fifteen or ten—it would not have been published, and its appearance is a symptom of a new and saner attitude in modern society toward personal life. And what is this attitude? It is a nascent rationalism which casts out the familiar devils of prudery that so often become pruriency; of ignorance that has been idealized as innocence; of hypocrisy that masks as rectitude; of self-imposed misery that is sublimated into virtuous chastening; of a spurious and artificial "morality" that may be "compensated" vice—of all the mental hobgoblins with which man has tortured himself and his fellows from time immemorial. "One Little Boy" touches one phase of the re-acceptance in the realm of love and life of the eternal axiom that the truth shall make us free.

ERNEST GRUENING

Books in Brief

A Reference Guide to Edmund Spenser. By Frederick Ives Carpenter. The University of Chicago Press. \$3.50.

This bibliography it is easier to commend than to review. It is arranged logically in divisions and subdivisions. It is thorough to the point of being almost exhaustive; and the omissions which the present reviewer has noticed are of no consequence whatsoever. The most important problems in Spenser criticism, both solved and unsolved, are indicated and classified. In the study of few other poets does the serious investigator come across more varied or more baffling and intriguing questions. No future student of the poet can even begin to inquire into the problems as yet unsolved (a list of which is conveniently offered by Mr. Carpenter), without having this guide constantly at his elbow.

Europe and Elsewhere. By Mark Twain. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

No omnium gatherum of Mark Twain's hitherto uncollected pieces can be without some interest, for he rarely wrote anything that was either worthless or faultless and some light is cast upon his personality from even his least considered essays. The present collection is made up of odds and ends: records of travel, newspaper editorials, comments on matters of interest in their day, *jeux d'esprit*, political and social articles, and a fairly cohesive group of studies in the careers of Mark Twain's old friends, Satan, Adam, and Eve. The tone of the book, as a whole, is serious rather than humorous; and in the articles on lynching, on the Spanish-American War, on imperialism, and on the Chinese situation in 1900 a deeply felt and ardent indignation flames out. Such a collection can add nothing to so great a fame; but neither does it detract from it—and perhaps that is the best that can be expected from a posthumous volume of this sort.

After Disillusion. By Robert L. Wolf. Thomas Seltzer. \$1.25.

Frank, original, and ingenious verse which, for some reason known only to the Muses, is never quite as interesting as it ought to be. The title suggests a unity which it is hard to find in the volume, and few of the poems, excellent as their ideas promise to be, end well. Yet pieces like *The Supplanted Messenger*, and *Prologue for the Modern Male* guarantee a respectful reading of Mr. Wolf's next book.

The French Revolution, 1789-1815. By Shailer Mathews. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

Mr. Mathews first published his "French Revolution" twenty-three years ago, telling the story up to 1795. Since that time much that was then unknown has come to light; new interpretations have been made of characters and events; the era itself has come to be regarded with increasing sympathy and understanding. In view of this, Mr. Mathews has now deemed it advisable to publish a revised edition of his work.

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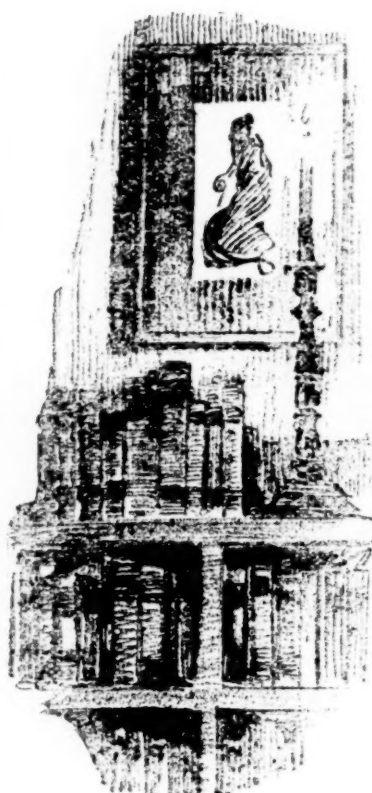
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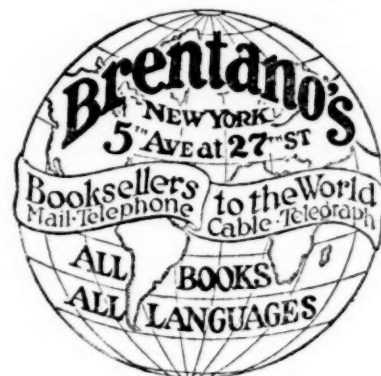
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The earlier pages have undergone some slight revision and almost two hundred pages have been added in order to bring the account to its more logical conclusion with the fall of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons. It is therefore really a new book that the author has written. Mr. Mathews is inclined to sermonize, with the Revolution as his text, and to overemphasize moral decadence as a motivating force. He has added footnotes pointing out analogies between then and now that are not always felicitous and he is guilty of a number of surprising errors, such as that of representing Danton, Robespierre, and Marat as members of the Legislative Assembly. In spite of these shortcomings, the present volume is undoubtedly a better one than its ancestor was, although it is not the most complete or the most interesting short study of the years 1789-1815.

The Mother. By Grazia Deledda. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

This story is as simple in outline as it is tragic in outcome—a young priest swayed from duty by the kindling of love, and his mother's swift intervention on the side of his churchly vows. Unfolded with an elemental intensity, it lays hold of the reader's imagination from the first page and moves forward to an inevitable catastrophe. The author writes in a style which is at once unadorned and poetic.

Against This Age. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright. \$1.75.

Mr. Bodenheim's fifth volume of verse, published five years after his first, leaves little to be said by any one who has discussed the former four. The charm of Mr. Bodenheim's difficult, sardonic poetry used to depend partly upon the fact that there was not much of it. If he keeps on at the present rate, there is danger that it will cease to be precious.

Drama Inferno

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and Marc Connelly, whose delectable comedies "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies" struck one more through their reserve than through any expression of ironic vision, have let themselves go at last. To keep the mood of laughter vivid at every moment, however, they have fitted their extraordinarily inclusive and biting satire of the life about them into an imaginative framework that was ready to their hand. This framework was afforded them by Paul Apel's rich and delightful work "Hans Sonnenstössers Höllenfahrt" which.

being interpreted, means "Johnny Sunstormer's Trip to Hell." In Apel's play, as in "Beggar on Horseback" (Broadhurst Theater), an idealistic young artist is tempted, in order to escape the curse of hackwork and save his creative powers, to marry into a family of the grossest Philistines. There, as here, he falls asleep and dreams that he has yielded to the temptation, and the play consists of the humorous and ironic exhausting of the resultant situation. Nothing could have been done by a direct use of Apel's text, since the German *Philister*, though own blood-brother to the American Babbitt, differs from the latter very radically in both mentality and manner. Thus Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly hit upon the happy notion of keeping Apel's scheme, imitating the scientific verisimilitude of his dream-technique, but making the satiric substance of the play entirely and perfectly American. The result is a dramatic work which, though wholly imitative in structure and method, is as wholly original in creative substance.

It is this substance that is both delightful and valuable. I doubt whether any of our professed realists of the theater have painted American life with such unerring strokes. Here, furthermore, as in "The Adding-Machine," the technique permitted speed and concentration, so that the picture is a wonderfully inclusive one and there is hardly a species of "bunk" that is not both accurately and hilariously exhibited. The Cady family reach a kind of greatness. Of course, we are dealing with satire and the figures are stripped of all but the essentials. These essentials, however, have been selected both with satiric insight and with scientific delicacy and precision, and Mr. and Mrs. Cady are portraits not unworthy of Hogarth. On an equally high plane are the satiric inventions by which the authors illustrate the scene and ethos on which their eyes are fixed. Chief amid these inventions are the factory for the efficient mass-production of literature, poetry, music, and the Freudian yet highly realistic dream trial scene. Throughout the delineation of these characters and the invention of these scenes the American idiom is used with a blending of actuality with symbolic driving force that is, I believe, unequaled elsewhere.

Finally I wish to praise the authors of "Beggar on Horseback" most heartily for this, that they laugh at fatuousness and gross materialism, at triviality of mind and soul, at stubborn stupidity and dishonor no longer conscious of itself, not as these qualities are contrasted with some specious moralistic idealism, but as they are contrasted with art, with the eternal creative spirit, with the quest of him who is driven despite himself to pursue that beauty which is also truth. This central motivation they found, of course, in the original of Paul Apel. But I am glad that they dared so fully and explicitly to keep it in their American version.

The production, like all the productions of Mr. Winthrop Ames, is graceful, imaginative, and exact. I am not especially impressed with the Pantomime, happily enough named and invented, the function of which is to oppose beauty to grossness and significance to triviality. It is a little slight for the purpose, and at variance with its slowness is the music of Mr. Deems Taylor which, skilful and not unimpressive, is so afraid of being less than almost of tomorrow that it will not let itself be either as lovely or as eloquent as it might well have been. But it is charming enough and the acting in the play itself, primarily of Mr. Roland Young but also of his numerous associates, is genuine and telling.

I must not neglect to mention the *Morning-Evening*, a four-page newspaper distributed to the audience during, at least, the early performances of "Beggar on Horseback." In this quite precious travesty of a contemporary yellow sheet, prepared exclusively for morons, the mentality of both the makers and the consumers of such printed matter is exhibited and excoriated with a touch that is among the best and most promising and most wholesome things in American letters.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The "Inexperience" of British Labor

By HERBERT W. HORWILL

THE British Labor Government, we are told, is "inexperienced." No doubt it is. The new Prime Minister comes to his task as a novice—as much a novice as any American President who occupies the White House for the first time. Most of the members of his Cabinet, too, are strangers to the work of a government department—as unfamiliar with it, indeed, as are usually the majority of the official family of a new President of the United States. Many people whose attitude to British Labor is quite friendly cannot altogether banish from their minds the fear that a Labor Government must suffer seriously from this handicap of inexperience. They are willing to admit all that may be claimed for it on the score of personal ability. But ability is not everything. Experience counts. And must not a Labor Cabinet undertake its responsibilities as a group of raw hands grappling with entirely unfamiliar problems?

It may be useful, then, to consider precisely what is required of a British cabinet minister. There are two kinds of experience, in particular, that are of value to him when he enters upon office. In the first place, the member of a British Cabinet, unlike the occupant of a corresponding position in America, has to discharge the function of representing his department in Parliament. The perfect minister should therefore be familiar with the Parliament's methods of doing business and should be a master of parliamentary debate. He must be able to present the affairs of his department lucidly and effectively when the annual estimates are laid before the House and whenever at other times any question relating to it comes into controversy. Upon him falls the task of introducing any government measure affecting matters within the province of his department, and of piloting it through its successive stages until it has passed its third reading. More than that, as a member of the Cabinet he is expected to take his fair share in defending the general policy of the Government in the event of its being challenged. This account of the parliamentary duties of cabinet ministers applies also, though in less degree, to the political under-secretaries of the departments, as distinguished from the permanent under-secretaries who are civil-service officials and have no seats in Parliament.

Now the MacDonald Government is certainly not below the normal standard in its equipment of qualifications for this side of a cabinet minister's functions. It includes some of the most capable debaters in the House, who will be well able to hold their own in any discussions that may arise. Several of them, too, have sat in the House for a considerable period, are experts in parliamentary procedure, and understand as well as anyone else what tactics must be employed in order to achieve any particular purpose.

The other particular responsibility of a British minister is administrative. It is in this respect that the criticism of lack of experience may most justly be made, for comparatively few members of the new Ministry have previously been heads of government departments or have held any of

those minor offices which are generally stepping-stones to cabinet rank. But every new minister, immediately he takes office, has at his command the resources of a highly trained civil service, which, whatever may be the private opinions of its members, rigidly follows a tradition of carrying out its duties without respect of party. The permanent under-secretaries and their staff form a body of experts whose knowledge and skill will be placed as readily and as fully at the disposal of Mr. MacDonald as of any of his predecessors. There will be draftsmen to prepare government bills, lawyers to advise on knotty legal questions, and a multitude of other competent officials who will provide as complete a technical equipment as any head of a department could desire.

Moreover, a good many Labor members who have not previously held office have nevertheless enjoyed considerable opportunities of observing how a government department is run. Of late years the leading representatives of Labor have spent no small fraction of their time at Whitehall in the transaction of business with ministers, and this contact must have given them not a little insight into government methods and routine, which will be all to the good now that they are themselves called upon to take part in the actual operation of the government machine.

Again, many have had a training in municipal government which will prove of the highest value as an apprenticeship to the management of national concerns. The man who has discharged responsible functions in connection with the government of such cities as London or Manchester or Leeds, with their large enterprises and big budgets, does not approach the task of national government as a novice in the handling of complicated and important affairs. Even experience in trade-union matters may count for a good deal in this respect. It is not child's play to hold, like J. H. Thomas, the post of secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, or, like Frank Hodges, that of secretary of the Miners' Federation. To manage the business of such organizations as these calls forth and develops precisely the qualities that are of most service to the chief of a government department, and provides in itself a preparation for public service far superior to that possessed by the traditional type of politician-minister when he takes office for the first time. The Baldwin Cabinet contained one member whose previous experience in administration had been gained as a master of stag hounds!

As regards the appointment of men whose administrative record lies outside government office, it may be noted that, quite unwittingly, Mr. Lloyd George has smoothed the way for Mr. MacDonald in the formation of his cabinet slate. Ten years ago it would have been an unheard-of thing for anyone to be taken into a British Cabinet who had neither sat in Parliament nor held a subordinate governmental office. But when Mr. Lloyd George brought Neville Chamberlain and the brothers Geddes into his Cabinet, although they were destitute of both official and parliamentary experience, he set a new precedent which will work out today to the advantage of the Labor Party. To make ministers out of parliamentary novices may be wise or unwise, but at any rate it is no longer an innovation, and in England that means a good deal.

There remains something to be said about the knowledge that the Labor Government possesses of the specific

problems with which it will have to deal. On industrial problems, obviously, it will be able to speak with expert authority. However biased or one-sided its policies may be in the judgment of its opponents and critics, it will at any rate know the facts, and it will know them at first hand. The trade-union representatives in the Ministry will have the great advantage of understanding, from intimate personal contact, the conditions under which some of the principal industries of the country are carried on. Further, the Government will have at its command the services not only of several men who have been concerned with industrial problems all their lives in the most practical fashion, but also of a smaller number, constituting a sort of elite or headquarters staff, who have gained a reputation as thinkers and writers on economic topics. Such men, for instance, as Ramsay MacDonald himself and his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, could not be outrivaled from the Conservative or Liberal benches when subjects of this kind come up for consideration. Most conspicuous of all in this respect is Sidney Webb, the nearest approach in England to a walking encyclopedia of economics. There will be many a debate in the new Parliament for which a speaker, whatever side he may take, will best equip himself by the study of Sidney Webb's books.

If one had been contemplating the formation of a Labor Government a decade or two ago, there would have been good reason to believe that foreign policy would be a province entirely outside the range of its acquaintance. That exception can no longer be made. The British Labor leaders nowadays are in close touch with men and affairs on the continent of Europe. Only one Labor M.P., Arthur Ponsonby, the new Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has himself held posts in the diplomatic service, but Labor's lack of familiarity with foreign courts and chancelleries finds abundant compensation in the intercourse its leaders have had with the more democratic forces abroad. These democratic forces are exerting a constantly increasing influence over the policies of European governments, and an appreciation of their significance is likely to bring more benefit to a British Foreign Minister nowadays than he could derive from the most extensive personal acquaintance among the members of foreign aristocracies. It may be presumed that J. Ramsay MacDonald has never been presented at any European court, but, after all, the European countries that retain courts are a rapidly diminishing number, and he possesses the much more useful asset of an intimate knowledge of the political, social, and economic conditions of nearly every foreign Power whose policies are likely to affect those of Great Britain. His travels during the last few years have taken him far afield, and when he has been abroad he has not limited his observations to the scenery or his conversation to a discussion of railroad schedules with the hotel clerk. There will be at hand, too, in minor offices or as private members on the Labor benches, supporters who can contribute expert information on specific questions, such as Noel Buxton, the specialist in Balkan affairs, and E. D. Morel, who has at his fingers' ends every detail of the moves on the chess-board of European diplomacy for the last twenty years. In the past, one of the most unfortunate defects of the British Foreign Office, as pointed out in the evidence given before a royal commission just before the outbreak of the war, has been its reliance on the reports of representatives abroad who neither knew nor cared anything about any

movements of public opinion outside fashionable circles. A revolution might be brewing under their very noses and they would be blissfully unaware of it. From that handicap, at any rate, the Foreign Office of a Labor Administration may hope to be preserved.

So far we have been considering the question of inexperience as it affects the qualifications of those ministers only who have for many years been members of the Labor Party. But Mr. MacDonald has been fortunate enough to secure the assistance of a few distinguished men from outside its ranks whom no one could describe as neophytes in the public service. Conspicuous among them is Lord Haldane, who has on his record a period of ten years spent in cabinet offices, and thus links this new governmental experiment with the older tradition. The duties of the Lord Chancellorship will by no means absorb the whole of his abounding energies, and there are few of the more important problems confronting the Administration that will not be brought nearer solution by the application to them of his powerful mind, his wide knowledge, and his genius for organization.

The Franco-Czech Alliance

FRANCE and Czecho-Slovakia signed a treaty of alliance on January 25, 1924. This treaty, although long anticipated, caused a sensation among the nations of Central and Eastern Europe, and may have profound political consequences. It is generally understood that certain economic agreements were signed at the same time; and France recently made a loan of 300,000,000 francs to Czecho-Slovakia, to be expended on armament. The text of the published treaty is given below as printed in the *Temps* (Paris) of January 28, 1924; certain further texts, necessary for its elucidation, are added:

The President of the French Republic and the President of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia, firmly attached to the principle of respect for international agreements solemnly confirmed by the Covenant of the League of Nations, and equally desirous of safeguarding peace, the maintenance of which is necessary to the political stability and economic revival of Europe, and therefore resolved to insure respect for the juridical order and international policy established by the treaties which they have signed; and

Considering that mutual guaranties of security against an eventual aggression and for the defense of their common interests are indispensable to that end, have named as their plenipotentiaries:

By the President of the French Republic: M. Raymond Poincaré, Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs;

By the President of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia: M. Edward Benes, Minister of Foreign Affairs;

Who having communicated their full powers found in good and due order have agreed as follows:

Article I. The governments of the republics of France and of Czecho-Slovakia agree to discuss in common foreign questions which might endanger their security or affect the order established by the peace treaties which they have both signed;

Art. II. The high contracting parties will agree upon measures adapted to safeguard their common interests in case they are menaced;

Art. III. The high contracting parties, fully agreeing upon the importance for the maintenance of peace of the political principles included in Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye of September 10, 1919 [see Appendix A], as well as in the Geneva Protocols of October 4, 1922 [see Appendix A], which

they both signed, agree to discuss in common the measures to be taken in case these principles are menaced;

Art. IV. The high contracting parties, taking into particular consideration the declarations made by the Conference of Ambassadors on February 3, 1920 [see Appendix C], and on April 1, 1921 [see Appendix D], by which their policy will continue to be inspired, as well as the declaration made by the Hungarian Government, on November 10, 1921 [see Appendix E], to the diplomatic representatives of the Allies, agree, in case their interests are menaced by failure to observe the principles enunciated in these various declarations to discuss the matter in common;

Art. V. The high contracting parties confirm their full agreement regarding the necessity imposed upon them, in order to maintain peace, of adopting a common attitude in the presence of any attempt to restore the Hohenzollern dynasty in Germany, and agree to discuss in common the measures to be taken in such an eventuality.

Art. VI. In accordance with the principles of the Covenant of the League of Nations the high contracting parties agree that in case litigious questions which cannot be settled by friendly agreement and by diplomatic means shall arise between them in future they shall submit the questions either to the Permanent Court of Justice or to one or several arbitrators to be chosen by them.

Art. VII. The high contracting parties agree to communicate to each other agreements concerning their policy in Central Europe which they have hitherto concluded, and to consult with each other before concluding new agreements. They declare that nothing contained in the present treaty is contrary to such agreements, in particular to the treaty of alliance between France and Poland, to the agreements or arrangements between Czecho-Slovakia and the federal Republic of Austria, Rumania, or the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, or to the agreement confirmed by the exchange of notes on February 8, 1921, between the Italian Government and the Czecho-Slovak Government.

Art. VIII. The present treaty shall be communicated to the League of Nations in accordance with Article 18 of the Covenant. The present treaty shall be ratified and the instruments of ratification will be exchanged at Paris as soon as possible.

In faith whereof the respective plenipotentiaries, duly authorized to that effect, have signed and sealed the present treaty.

R. POINCARÉ

DR. EDWARD BENES

Done at Paris in duplicate, January 25, 1924

APPENDIX A

Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, between Austria and the Allied Powers, reads as follows:

The independence of Austria is inalienable otherwise than with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations. Consequently Austria undertakes in the absence of the consent of the said council to abstain from any act which might directly or indirectly or by any means whatever compromise her independence, particularly, and until her admission to membership of the League of Nations, by participation in the affairs of another Power.

APPENDIX B

The Geneva protocols of October 4, 1922, established the basis for the rehabilitation of Austria by means of an international loan and under the direction of a commissioner appointed by the League of Nations. The first of these protocols substantially recapitulated Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain, adding:

This undertaking shall not prevent Austria from maintaining, subject to the provisions of the Treaty of St. Germain, her freedom in the matter of customs tariffs and

commercial or financial agreements, provided, however, that she shall not violate her economic independence by granting to any state a special regime or exclusive advantages calculated to threaten this independence.

APPENDIX C

In February, 1920, when formal negotiations for the Treaty of the Trianon, between Hungary and the Allied and Associated Powers, had just begun, a strong Hapsburg agitation developed in Hungary. Charles IV, despite his renunciation of the crown in 1918, had written on August 14, 1919, from his exile in Switzerland, "I am still king." Various rumors were current, and the Conference of Ambassadors issued the following statement on February 3, 1920:

The Principal Allied and Associated Powers believe it necessary to give a formal denial to the rumors which are current and which are calculated to mislead public opinion. They are represented as ready to recognize or to favor the establishment of the Hapsburg dynasty upon the throne of Hungary. The Principal Allied Powers believe that the restoration of a dynasty which personifies in the eyes of its subjects a system of oppression and domination of other races, in alliance with Germany, would not be compatible either with the principles for which they fought or with the results which they were able to secure through the war for the liberation of peoples formerly subservient. It is not within their intention to regard it as the duty of the Principal Allied Powers to intervene in the internal affairs of Hungary or to dictate to the Hungarian people the form of government or constitution which it should adopt for itself. However, the Powers cannot admit that the restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty should be regarded as a question affecting only the Hungarian nation. They declare that a restoration of this nature would be contrary to the very bases of the peace settlement and would be neither recognized nor tolerated by them.

APPENDIX D

Charles IV returned to Hungary, attempting a coup d'état, on March 27, 1921. On April 1, 1921, following a threat by the Little Entente, on March 30, of a "blockade," followed by a "military demonstration," the Conference of Ambassadors issued the following statement:

The events of which Hungary is the theater place upon the Principal Allied Powers the obligation of recalling to the Government and people of Hungary the declaration of February 4 [3], 1920. Faithful to the principles set forth in this declaration, the Allies have the duty to repeat that the restoration of a Hapsburg would imperil the very basis of peace and that it could be neither recognized nor tolerated by them.

The Allied Powers expect the Hungarian Government, conscious of the gravity of the situation which the return to the throne of Hungary of the former sovereign would cause, to take efficacious measures to deal with the attempt, the momentary success of which could have for Hungary only disastrous consequences.

APPENDIX E

On November 10, 1921, Baron Banffy, for the Hungarian Government, made the following formal statement:

In order to insure more effectively the intentions of the law and to safeguard the responsibility of the Government, Hungary has the intention of making a law which, in addition to the penal provisions now in force, will allow it to combat effectively any attempt or any propaganda in favor of the Hapsburgs, or of any other person whose candidacy does not fall within the terms above mentioned.

